- James Fallows on the greatest living ex-president
- Eleanor Clift beans George Will
- Inside the State Department's Yugoslavia debacle
- Reviews by Nicholas Lemann and Tom Peters
- Can gays in the military work? We've got the answer—and the evidence to back it up

The Washington Monthly
NOVEMBER 1992/$3.50

The DOWD CROWD

One *New York Times* reporter has revolutionized political reporting. But there's something that she and her imitators aren't telling us.

By KATHERINE BOO

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The Washington Monthly

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LETTERS

Rauh deal

I suppose that part of the inevitable fallout of "Tilting at Windmills" is that occasionally its attack missiles land on an innocent party. One such person was the recently deceased Joe Rauh, who was lumped together with Lloyd Cutler, Harry McPherson, and Paul Warnke as Washington insiders who sided with one of their lawyer-colleagues in offering sympathy over the indictment of Clark Clifford [September]. What is especially surprising is that Charles Peters knew Joe personally, and the article contains the explanation of why Joe made the statement he did—his son is one of Clifford's lawyers.

One of the points you made is that those who sided with Clifford did so at least in part because they too represented clients like BCCI and undertook the kind of work that might have put them in similar straits "but for the grace of God." Whether or not that is true for the others, it is certainly not true for Joe Rauh. Most of his career since leaving the government was spent defending individuals whose civil liberties were attacked by the likes of Senator Joe McCarthy, fighting for equality in housing, schools, and jobs, or working with labor to advance the well-being of individual workers while fostering union democracy. Just because the law offices of both Rauh and Clifford were adjacent to Farragut Square does not mean that their clients came from the same economic neighborhoods.

While I do not presume to speak for the others who are mentioned, I do think it would have been appropriate to note that one of the principal reasons Clifford is in all this trouble is that he did not simply provide legal services to First American Bank, but he and his partner Robert Altman were officers of the bank and had significant stock interests in it as well. For many, and perhaps most, law firms, that kind of mixing of roles is not allowed. In any event, it was never even a temptation for Joe and his clients.

One of the more galling aspects of the comparison with Rauh was the inclusion of the episode of Clifford's involvement with Tony Boyle and the National Bank of Washington. Joe was deeply involved in that matter as well, but on the side of those who tried to rid the union of Boyle and assure a fair election for his replacement.

ALAN B. MORRISON
Washington, D.C.
Mr. Morrison is head of the Public Citizen Litigation Group.

The editor replies:

There's the rub. Because a relative or, as is more often the case, a respected friend, is involved, Washington insiders tend to pull their punches. I know that Rauh had contempt for Clifford's role at the NBW. He told me so. But he couldn't say anything to the *Post* because it might embarrass his son. I should emphasize that my own affection and respect for Joe were immense. My highest hope is that I will meet my maker with a track record half as worthy as his.

Fish story

I am baffled by the hysterical response my book, *Impostors in the Temple*, engenders among otherwise seemingly normal academicians; it makes them write as if astride a cattle prod. Take your reviewer, the distinguished Professor Stanley Fish from Duke University, who responded in a true Jekyll-and-Hyde fashion [Political Booknotes, September]. On August 17, Dr. Fish wrote me a glowing letter stating that he had seen me on C-Span and that he had found me "thoroughly absorbing, entertaining, reasonable, and persuasive—not words that I used when describing your book" in *The Washington Monthly*. Fish attributes the difference to the "tone and substance" of the presentations. Perhaps, but I am still baffled, especially after reading Fish's review.

I shall ignore the innuendo and straw men that Fish employs to press his erroneous case and instead focus on the outright falsehoods:

The book "cites only right-wing authors." Joe McCarthy would have envied that charge for its audacity —one person I cite in *Impostors* is Stanley Fish himself! I also cite frequent contributors to *The Washington Monthly*—Nicholas Lemann and James David Barber—among others including Stephen Jay Gould, Pauline Maier, Jacques Barzun, and Andrew Hacker. Perhaps a rigorous deconstructionist argument would explain how all these men and women qualify as "right-wing authors."

The book "lauds only right-wing institutions." Wrong. I congratulate Amherst and Dartmouth for not using students as teachers. I laud Yale for having more than 90 percent of its students earn their degrees in four years or less. I endorse the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

The book "promotes only right-wing ideas." Now this is a really daffy statement. I conclude the book by recommending that we 1) prohibit student teaching, 2) stop rewarding spurious research and writing, 3) change the Ph.D. process, 4) end faculty tenure, 5) reorganize faculty titles and responsibilities, 6) return to the four-year bachelor's degree, 7) take sexual harassment seriously, 8) ban political discrimination, 9) stop athletic corruption, and 10) crack down on institutional corruption.

"Anderson's favorite mode of documentation is to report 'What I have observed personally.' " I do say that once or twice, but the overwhelming majority of my book is supported by citation of studies, experts, and reports of events.

"When he does cite a source it is often some third-hand report of a story in The Wall Street Journal.*"* I cite one editorial from *The Wall Street Journal*.

MARTIN ANDERSON
Stanford, California
Mr. Anderson is a senior fellow at the Hoover Institution

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Careerist atmospherists

I am writing in response to Jonathan Rowe's excellent review of Richard Kahlenberg's *Broken Contract* ["Loot Court," June 1992]. It may intrigue your readers that Rowe's and Kahlenberg's assessments of law school have a much broader application than one might suspect. I am a graduate student in the atmospheric sciences, yet with a few words altered, the review would be a legitimate critique of my profession in academia.

I enrolled at graduate school in 1988 enthralled with the idea of becoming a college professor, a teacher as well as a researcher. By late 1990, I was trying to figure out why the educational system was so indifferent to my objective. Many of my answers parallel those of Kahlenberg and the comments made in Rowe's review. For example:

Students arrive wanting to do public interest work; they leave serving the private sector.

Many atmospheric science graduate students arrive aspiring to teach students, including undergraduates; others wish to work in the public sector for service-oriented organizations such as the National Weather Service. Most end up either leaving before completing their Ph.D.'s or following their Ph.D.'s with 1) postdoctoral positions (no teaching, usually), 2) research positions at research institutes (again, no teaching), and/or for those lucky few, 3) faculty positions at universities, where they teach primarily graduate students.

"Thinking like a lawyer means thinking about the 49 things that don't much matter rather than the one that does. . . . This can lead to a 'spiritual derailing' of the students who are assimilating this approach."

Thinking like a scientist means thinking more about the one "hot" project which can obtain federal funding, rather than the 49 duties (e.g., adequately teaching your two classes per year, revising 20-year-old class notes, pursuing research relevant to today's problems in your backyard) which would do a lot of good around you, but won't enhance your resumé, your chances for promotions, or your ability to jump to another school for more money.

Rowe's patience wears thin with Kahlenberg because he cannot shake the "calculating careerism" while he is contemplating his jump into public service.

This calculation goes on in science, as well, with the jump being from all-research institutions to those which still espouse teaching as a primary goal. Why do these teachers end up in all-research schools in the first place? Because it is subtly communicated to graduate students that you can slip down the ladder from an MIT or a Washington, but can never climb up from a Metropolitan State or a Lyndon State—never, even if you are a real talent who's just "slumming." In these days of school budget nightmares, few people wish to bet the next 30 years of their lives—and their families' lives—on the stability of a small school's funding.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Birmingham, Alabama

Stealing into St. Louis

We here at George Washington University were delighted to see your thoughtful and comprehensive review of Marcel C. LaFollette's *Stealing into Print: Fraud, Plagiarism, and Misconduct in Scientific Publishing* ["Lab Rats," Natalie Angier, September]. Our pleasure quickly turned to chagrin, however, as we neared the end of the third paragraph and found that your review had moved Professor LaFollette from our campus in downtown D.C. much further west—all the way to Washington University in St. Louis!

Though we'd never allege misconduct in this honest mistake, misinformation often takes on a life of its own. We are very proud that LaFollette is one of our professors and we would therefore surely appreciate your setting the record straight.

SANDY HOLLAND
Washington, D.C.
Ms. Holland is executive director of George Washington University's Office of University Relations.

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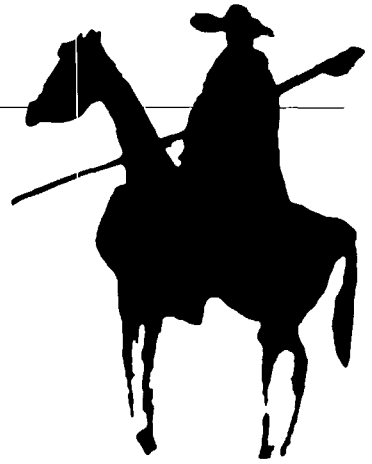
TILTING AT WINDMILLS



George Bush is right! Jobs are available now! That's the message of a recent advertisement in the *Baltimore Sun* by Villa Julie College bragging about how it had placed one of its graduates within a week. She's now a "legal assistant in the Creditor's Rights/Bankruptcy Division" of a law firm. . . .

A lot of Republicans get very nervous when their party attacks Bill Clinton's draft record. Not just Bush administration VIPs like Dick Cheney, but the 56—count 'em, 56—Republican congressmen who were of draft age during the Vietnam War but who somehow managed to avoid military service. . . .

In July, for the first time in recent decades, banks have more government securities than business loans among their assets. Instead of making business loans that could fuel economic recovery, the banks are lending money to the government to finance the deficit. . . .

The Peace Corps spent more than $31,703 in the 1992 fiscal year to rent parking spaces for 15 of its top officials, according to Mike Causey's "Federal Diary." When I last worked for the Peace Corps in 1968, we had only four "executive" parking spaces. The Peace Corps then had three times as many volunteers serving abroad as it does now. In other words, the real work done by the bureaucracy has decreased in about the same proportion as the perks have increased. This is the story of Washington. Even the most innocent and well-intentioned of agencies tends to be corrupted over time. This doesn't mean that government can't work, but rather that it's a hell of a lot more likely to work when it's new and hasn't let its original intentions become submerged in careerism, self-protection, and preoccupation with the perquisites of office. The last great master of the game, FDR, understood this and wherever possible, entrusted his most important initiatives to new agencies. In the past two years, this magazine has run two articles about government agencies that worked—the Office of Price Administration in the forties, and the Office of Technology Assessment in the eighties. Both were new when they were effective. (A cautionary note: A new name does not mean a new agency. The Atomic Energy Commission didn't improve when it became the Nuclear Regulatory Commission.) . . .

This column is perhaps too accustomed to bashing professionals, especially lawyers and doctors. So I'm delighted to find something good to say about one group of doctors: the American College of Physicians. They have earned my gratitude by coming out for a national health care plan that, even though it falls short of the Canadian system this magazine supports, imposes dollar limits on charges by doctors and hospitals. It has been hard not to despair about the prospects for genuine health care reform in this country, because the doctors have been both greedy and politically powerful enough to get away with blocking reform. But the College of Physicians has taken a noble step. And it is not some splinter group composed of a few isolated idealists; it is the largest specialty group in the United States, composed of 77,000 internists. . . .

If you want a hard-nosed economic competitiveness reason for adopting the Canadian health care system, consider the recent flight of a GM plant from Van Nuys, California, to Canada. GM was motivated by the fact that health care costs for its employees will be cheaper there. How many other American companies, hard-pressed by the high costs of health insurance here, will make a

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similar calculation and move north? . . .

Just one more point about health care. Not only does it cost less in Canada, it's also cheaper in those countries that are our major competitors. Compare the average $2,566 paid per person for health care here with $1,171 in Japan and $1,487 in Germany—both of which provide universal care, while we do not. . . .

The halfway houses run by the U.S. Bureau of Prisons are designed to help former prison inmates bridge the gap between the world of criminality and a law-abiding life. One has to wonder why the largest halfway house in the entire country was located just a half-block off Times Square in New York City and headed by a convicted sex murderer. I'm not kidding—the facts were all laid out by "Dateline NBC," a news magazine show, on September 22. The funny thing is that, while NBC producers realized that the sex murderer was not a good choice, they didn't seem to have the slightest notion that exposing criminals to Times Square is like sending a recovering alcoholic to live next door to a distillery. . . .

It's hard to top that one, but Colorado is trying. The state social services department has, according to *The Denver Post*, 155 school teachers who are confirmed sex abusers listed on its child protection registry. The catch is that school officials don't have access to the registry. . . .

Last month I received a troubling letter from a first lieutenant in the Army who was writing in response to my recent observations in this column that in contrast to the civil service, "the military services manage to retain a good many of their stars for full careers." The letter described a group of 12 fellow lieutenants; four of them, when faced with a choice of promotion to captain or leaving the service, resigned. The four who resigned were all "top blockers," meaning that they ranked in the top 10 to 20 percent in efficiency reports, but six of the eight who stayed were middle blockers. The lieutenant said the brain drain was "apparently prevalent throughout the Army" leaving too many "mediocre officers for whom a career in the military represented a much higher standard of living than they would expect outside the service."

His letter may reflect only an isolated episode, but I'm troubled by it and would very much like to hear from other readers in the military as to whether their own experiences confirm the lieutenant's observations. . . .

Another reason to be suspicious of American education is that of the nearly 1.5 million master's degrees awarded since 1987, only 25 percent of the recipients were required to write theses. Many universities do not even require a comprehensive exam. . . .

Last month we told you that 11,000 people in the government were making $100,000 or more per year. This month we offer the following details of this prosperous group: 43 are on the White House payroll, 535 are congressmen, and 376 are congressional staff. . . .

Mario Biaggi, a former congressman, was sentenced in 1989 to eight years in prison for his part in the Wedtech scandal. Last year, Biaggi's lawyer persuaded authorities to release Biaggi from prison on grounds that he had serious heart trouble and "terrible neurological problems." This year, Biaggi was healthy enough to run for Congress again. The good news is he lost in the primary. . . .

Although we have dealt extensively with the scandals in university administrations (see "B.S. Economics," page 19, for the latest installment), even we were shocked by the latest disclosure from Stanford, which once again is breaking new ground in academic malfeasance. This time the center of the scandal is the Stanford Bookstore—yes the bookstore—which has, in the words of *The Stanford Observer*, some "unusual perquisites" for its employees: a vacation home in the Sierra foothills and eight luxury or high-performance vehicles purchased or leased for its top managers. . . .

Another rich vein of bureaucratic scandal can be found in hospital administration. Hospital executive salaries have escaped the scalpel of cost controls in the health care industry. In my home town of Charleston, West Virginia, the largest hospital is cutting at least $500,000 in nurse and technician take home pay, but, according to *The Charleston Gazette*, "administrators' pay will not change." The top administrator made $217,366 in 1991, having received a 20 percent pay increase that year. Nationally, according to Felicity Barringer of *The New York Times*, "the rise in nonprofit hospital executive compensation in the eighties was one of the fastest-growing components of the overall rise in medical costs, with the earnings of a few executives at the most prestigious institutions approaching or exceeding $1 million." Dr. Paul Marks, head of the Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center

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in New York, made more than $1 million in total compensation in both 1990 and 1991. But for him that's practically chicken feed. In 1988, his total compensation amounted to $2.2 million, including a "signing bonus" for his promise to stay at the hospital through 1994. . . .

Bureaucrats do take care of themselves. Consider for another example the District of Columbia police force, which somehow got a rule adopted providing that an officer cannot be fired for an offense unless proceedings are brought against him within 45 days. (Bear in mind that the statute of limitations for the rest of us for just about every offense is at least a year.) As a result, the District recently was forced to rehire three officers who had been fired. . . .

Another aspect of the bureaucratic problem is illustrated by the case of Daniel S. Goldin, who was hired last spring to head NASA with a White House mandate to make the space agency "better, faster, cheaper." Goldin decided that meant reconsidering the design of NASA's biggest project, the space station. "Alarms went off," according to *The Washington Post*'s Kathy Sawyer. The agency's bureaucrats saw that reconsideration would slow down or—horror of horrors—actually reduce spending. With the aid of their allies among contractors, lobbyists, and congressional sponsors, NASA staffers quickly persuaded Goldin that "it is no longer practical to redesign the space station in a fundamental way even though 'I'd love to do it.' ". . .

One of the original purposes of this magazine was to try to understand such bureaucratic behavior and offer suggestions on what could be done about it. In the beginning, we thought the problem was confined to government, but when we started the Memo of the Month in the fall of our first year, we quickly realized that the bureaucratic problem was much more widespread. Readers flooded us with memos, not just from expected sources like the Pentagon and the State Department, but from labor unions, universities, foundations, and—second only to the government itself—corporations. We saw the bureaucratic fat that was beginning to slow American industry in the competitiveness race of the seventies and eighties, which is why we were the first magazine to recognize the importance of *In Search of Excellence* by Tom Peters and Robert Waterman.

Peters (see Political Booknotes, page 54) recently reflected on the lessons he has learned since *In Search of Excellence* was published in 1982. He now feels it should have been tougher on the bureaucrats. "Savaging bureaucracy is a must. . . . We weren't fanatics about the perils, in particular, of bloated headquarters. We didn't fathom that 'close to the customer' for example, was so much blather unless you destroy 90 percent of the headquarters staff."

American business has begun to learn that lesson, but on the whole, American government has not. When Bill Clinton talks about eliminating 100,000 bureaucrats, he should be talking about 1 million. . . .

One of my heroes, Dr. George Crile Jr. of Cleveland, Ohio, died recently. Facing heated opposition from most of his fellow surgeons, Crile crusaded against unnecessary surgery. His greatest triumph was persuading other doctors to perform lumpectomies on breast cancer patients, which are less complex and disfiguring than radical mastectomies, which used to be standard treatment. . . .

You may wonder how I can advocate firing a million government employees at the same time I recommended that we establish new government agencies. In fact, both proposals are important, and they are not inconsistent. There is a terrible amount of fat—far too many people who are not talented or dedicated enough, or who are not doing work that is really necessary—in our government. These people should be dismissed as rapidly as possible without causing serious social dislocation. But we also need to hire new employees, who are both energetic and capable to staff the new agencies that will be needed for such crucial tasks as effectively controlling health costs. Still, my best guess is that, even with hiring all new employees that we would need, we would still end up with a net reduction of half a million bureaucrats. . . .

A black man, Colin Powell, is now chairman of the joint chiefs of staff, but as late as 1945, blacks couldn't get in to "whites only" officers' clubs. In fact, three black officers were court marshalled for trying to enter one such club which was located, not in the South, but at a base in Indiana ironically called Freeman Field. Incredibly enough, one, Roger C. Terry, was actually convicted. An effort is now underway to set aside the conviction. Now 70, Terry had to list the offense on job applications throughout his working life. . . .

As I write this in mid-October after several weeks of reading

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front page stories about Clinton's draft status, I want to applaud *The New York Times* as the only publication that seemed to realize that Dan Quayle deserved equal scrutiny. Jeff Gerth and Kevin Sack discovered that the National Guard unit Quayle joined was an administrative section that could not be sent to Vietnam and that had a policy of maintaining open slots for the influential instead of accepting applicants on a first-come-first-served basis, which was supposed to be the official policy.

Gerth and Sack were guided in this reporting by Howell Raines the *Times*' Washington bureau chief. Raines had served in the National Guard during the Vietnam era, so he had a nose for where the scandals were. Veteran readers will recognize the point I'm making, which is how reporters would benefit from either having had experience in the trenches of government or having editors with such experience. Only a handful of journalists have served in the military or any other part of the government. The lack of such experience among reporters and editors is one of the two problems that trouble me the most about Washington journalism.

The other is the tendency of the city's best writers (See "The New Writers' Bloc," page 36) to devote their talents to delineating personality and character, to capturing mood and ambience, and to handicapping the political horse race, while they studiously avoid delving into questions of policy and program, of how government works or doesn't work and why. I would love, for example, to see Maureen Dowd apply her skills to defining the problems of our public schools, to identifying the reforms that are needed, and to casting a spotlight on the enemies of those reforms from which they would not be able to hide. Or think of the job she or her disciples could do on what's wrong with lawyers and the legal system, or doctors and the health care system! . . .

If your Christmas cards don't arrive until after the New Year, you can blame it on the misguided early retirement offer the Postal Service made to its employees. Although it was designed to eliminate an excess of middle-level management fat, the offer was made to all employees. It was accepted, however, mostly by the lower-level employees who do the real work and of whom there may now be too few. The chiefs, of course, didn't want to give up their lives of long lunches, leisurely conferences, and junkets to Barcelona. Yes, that's right, Barcelona. A bunch of them managed to arrange free trips there for themselves last summer! . . .

My one concern about Clinton's self-consciousness about his lack of military experience is that it will lead him to be deferential to the hawks. It's not that I don't think we have to be tough sometimes, it's that I'm sure we have to be very selective about when and how. Instead of sending 500,000 men to the Gulf, why didn't we first give the blockade a thorough try and then bomb if it didn't work? In Yugoslavia the choice was for too long framed as being between doing nothing or sending the large force that would be necessary to guarantee the safety of the convoys. Why not consider destroying half the Serb air force, which could be done at little cost to us, and then telling the Serbs that if they don't behave, we'll destroy the other half? . . .

The latest cigarette scandals:

1. James Mold, a former director of research for Liggett & Myers, says the company's researchers had, by the late seventies, developed a cigarette that would not cause cancer. It was not marketed because, as he told the Greensboro, North Carolina, *News & Record*, "They'd be admitting all the cigarettes they had been producing were not safe."

2. Three tobacco companies own insurance companies and, according to Andrew Tobias, all three charge smokers nearly double for term insurance because "at any age, a smoker is about twice as likely to die as a nonsmoker." . . .

If you believe in cheap chic, whether as a matter of principle or necessity, there's one simple step you can take that could save you a bundle: Cut your own hair. I started being my own Vidal Sassoon 20 years ago. The reason is that the haircut that cost 50 cents when I was a boy in the thirties and forties in Charleston, West Virginia, cost $5 in the Washington, D.C. of 1970. If you're a New Yorker, get your own shears immediately. Ten dollars is the rock-bottom barber shop price in the Big Apple, and according to a recent report in the *Times*' Consumer's World section, the minimum price for a real Vidal Sassoon cut is $55. If you want to be shorn by the most fashionable stylist of all, Frederick Fekkai, the bill will be $250 for the first haircut, but only $200 thereafter. Of course, I should append this note of caution: You may hear giggles from people walking behind you which just might be related to their evaluation of your efforts to cut the hair on the back of your head. . . .

—Charles Peters

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Gays in Arms

Can gays in the military work? In countries around the world, they already do

by Eric Konigsberg

Maybe Fort Bragg cadet Hallie Wei stein would have been better off if s had agreed to date the captain wl asked her out. Once spurned, he began snoo ing into Weinstein's private life and reported her superiors that she was a lesbian, a revel tion that got her and her lover thrown out the military. Surely Weinstein would have be better off had she been a soldier in the Dut army.

In the United States, the debate over gays the military remains a war of abstracts: D fenders of the status quo rehash fears about u welcome advances in the showers and wa darkly of morale problems, while critics of t gay ban continue to lob rocks at the poli from the moral high ground of human righ But with our policy stuck in hypotheticals, t strongest argument for gays in the military quietly made elsewhere—in countries such Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Israel, and to lesser extent France, where gays have alrea been integrated into the armed forces. Wh the Pentagon pursues a policy that every ye hounds 1,000 able-bodied gay men and wom out of the service—wasting $27 million training costs annually—other countri demonstrate that with the right mix of educ tion and cajoling, a military with gays c work.

Take Holland, where an estimated 12,0 soldiers—10 percent of the total force—a gay. Holland's government considered hom sexuality grounds for dismissal until 197 when the Association of Dutch Homosexu convinced the minister of defense that ga posed no threat to national security. Neverth less, gays could still legally be passed over 1 promotion simply because of their sexual o

Eric Konigsberg is a reporter for The New Republic.

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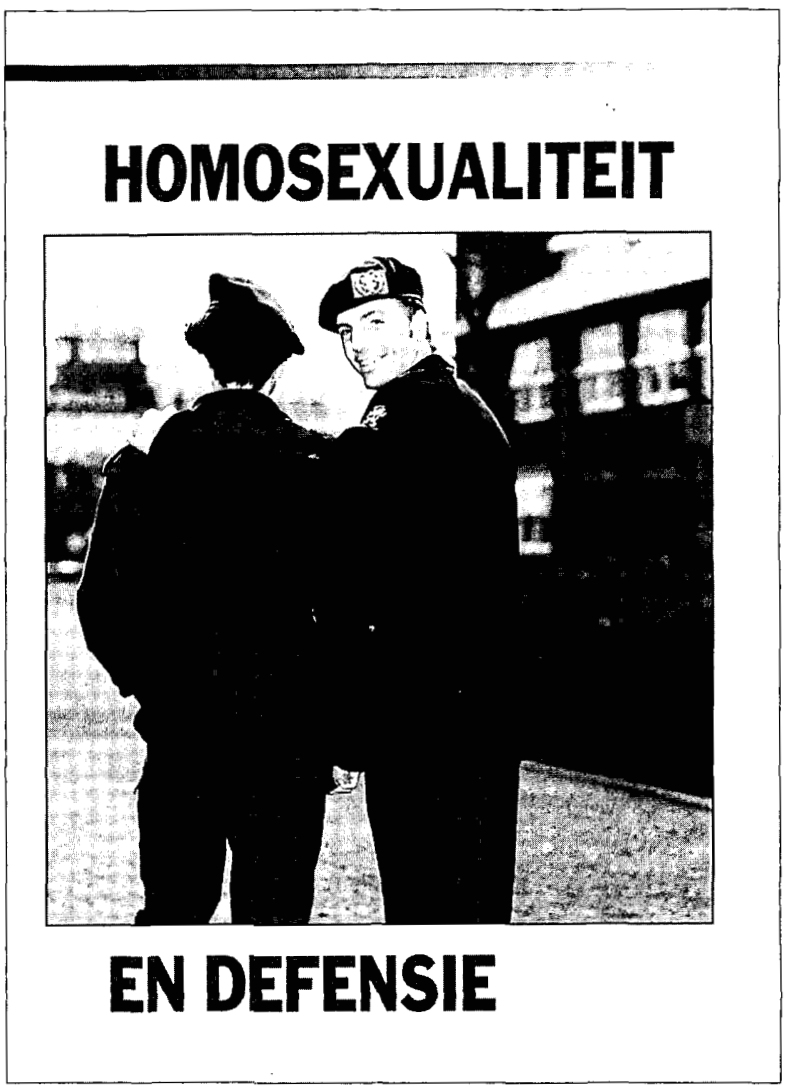
Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport after a stint in Lebanon.

Denmark is another success story. There, success with gays in the military is the product of necessity: Service is mandatory and the



Brothers in arms: The Dutch army's pamphlet on homosexuality.

country needs all the warm bodies it can muster. Discrimination and harassment have

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been outlawed in the Danish army since 1981, and are grounds for expulsion. The result: Danish gay-rights advocates boast of prominent and openly gay military leaders and the armed services report no cases of threats to gays, morale, or national security since the policy was initiated. "It's not something you think about," says Stephen Arynczuk, a second lieutenant in the Danish air force. "Homosexuality, we know it's legal and it's not an issue." Asked what kinds of problems were encountered with gays among their ranks, Danish Brig. General Kristian Anderson responded, "Problems? No, should there be? I've been in the air force since 1954, and I can't remember one problem caused by someone being a homosexual."

MENTALITEIT

Om een klimaat te creëren waarin homoseksueles algemeen geaccepteerd zijn en geen discriminerend gedrag ervaren, is meer nodig dan deze beleidsmaatregelen. Er zal bij de heteroseksuele collega's een mentaliteitsverandering op gang gebracht moeten worden. Zij moeten zich realiseren dat juist zij, bewust of onbewust, een cultuur in stand houden waarin homoseksueles worden gedwongen een dubbelleven te leiden. Zo zijn machogedrag en het gebruik van woorden als 'flikker' en 'meisje' nu niet bepaald een uitnodiging aan collega's om openlijk voor hun homoseksuele geaardheid uit te komen.

DIENSTPLICHT

Zoals gezegd vormt homoseksualiteit voor Defensie als organisatie geen probleem. Al vanaf 1974 is het geen reden meer voor afkeuring. Dus moeten ook homoseksueles jongens gewoon in dienst. Overigens kan iedereen die in militaire dienst moet en om bepaalde redenen, bijvoorbeeld vanwege zijn homoseksuele geaardheid, emstige aanpassingsproblemen verwacht, dat tijdens de keuring kenbaar maken. Indien blijkt dat de aanpassingsproblemen reëel te verwachten zijn, kan Defensie de betreffende persoon buitengewoon dienstplichtig stellen.

RECHTSPOSITIE

Wanneer homoseksuele partners een samenlevingscontract hebben gesloten, kunnen zij aanspraak maken op dezelfde rechten als andere ongehuwde paren. Het gaat dan bijvoorbeeld om buitengewoon verlof, vergoeding van reis- en verhuiskosten en de kostwinnersvergoeding. Uiteraard vormt seksuele geaardheid geen grond voor het maken van onderscheid bij plaatsingen, ook niet als het gaat om plaatsing in

GRATIS 06-NUMMER: 06-0220820 VOOR HET MELDEN VAN GEWELD EN DISCRIMATIE

5

The Dutch embrace an integrated military.

Who else doesn't discriminate? Sweden has no ban, and Norway's government states that "Anyone who in written or oral form is threatening, scorning, persecuting, or spiting a gay or lesbian person will be punished with fines or prison for up to two years." The Swiss don't discriminate, though gay soldiers, according to their regulations, are prohibited from forming cliques, whatever that means. And it's not just in progressive Nordic climes that gays have gained entry into the army. Only five out of the sixteen NATO countries have policies specifically restricting homosexuals and two of the five—Canada and Australia—are expected to lift their bans on gays in the military in the near future.

Some countries have allowed gays into the service with obvious ambivalence. In France, for instance, gays are allowed into the military—which is nationally conscripted—but can exempt themselves by proving their orientation has rendered them psychologically abnormal. A soldier who is discovered to be a homosexual, and hadn't yet proclaimed his sexual orientation, will be referred to a doctor and then advised by his commander to resign—but he cannot be forced out. Not surprisingly, when 18-year-old French men go though their required three-day physical and psychological exams for the military, many gays use the opportunity to claim to be unfit to serve. Franc Jucla managed to shirk his one-year commitment by getting himself classified as "asocial," convincing an army psychologist he would not be able to control his homosexual urges in the army. Others weren't so lucky: "I have gay friends who were denied exemption and were told by their examiner, 'This will teach you to become a man,' " says Jucla.

French soldiers reflect this odd mix of disdain and acceptance of gays. The army tends to view homosexuals, as Jucla puts it, as "more silly or weird than as a threat." While gays are no longer considered national security risks, there is a popular saying in the military, "*On n'est pas des enculers*," which translates loosely to, "We're not getting buggered," and can be understood as, "There are no fags in this army." Still, Hugues Charboneau, a chief corporal, says that soldiers in his division know and do not mind that he is gay, and speaks highly of a homosexual commandant above him. "There are some homophobic remarks behind his back, but it doesn't go any farther than that," he says. "Really, it's largely ignored."

Critics will answer that none of these countries offers a legitimate example of a working army with gays. After all, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland haven't had top-notch armies since the days of Beowulf. Australia and Canada never did, and the last time France made a respectable showing, Toulouse-Lautrec was still alive. But look at Israel, a nation surrounded by enemies and the possessor of one of the world's most battle-tested, successful armies. Un-

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closeted gays in the Jewish state are treated no differently than straights. Mandatory service draws every 18-year-old man and woman into the military, without exception. Said a recently Americanized Israeli soldier: "I had thought Israel was less tolerant than the United States, but when I enlisted, I never witnessed any morale problems caused by homosexuals and didn't really hear any homophobic talk—nothing along the lines of 'He shouldn't be serving.' There were openly gay soldiers I encountered, but no one seemed to resent it. It's not even an issue. I don't know why it is in America."

If this ex-Israeli soldier wanted to find out, he could read the hairy-chested alarms of writers like *Newsweek* contributing editor David Hackworth, who writes, "Civilian standards of fairness and equality don't apply down where the body bags are filled. Ask Marine gunnery sergeants and army platoon sergeants what a few gays would do to the fighting spirit of units."

Why not ask a soldier, like Johan Bierkus, a Swedish corporal stationed in the coastal town of Musko who *has* trained and lived with gays? "I didn't think that there should be any gays in the military. I thought homosexuality was a bit crazy," he admits. "It scared me in the army, like you just don't know what someone like that is thinking when he's with you." But when Bierkus last year found himself sharing a small house with eleven other boat chiefs, one of whom was gay, he was unbothered. "He was a good leader and one of my best friends in the whole group," he says. "It wasn't such a big deal that he was gay."

Next to the disintegration of the "spirit of the unit" that people like Hackworth fear, the most common excuse for bias against gays in the U.S. military has been fear of blackmail. Of course, the most recent instance of a gay soldier being blackmailed is generally believed to be in 1912, when Austrian Colonel Alfred Redl betrayed his country's secrets to the Russians. Israel takes the saner position that gays in the closet (those who, for example, may have informed their superiors of their sexual orientation, but on a confidential basis) can't get security-sensitive jobs while those who are out can work anywhere. But even some U.S. military brass seem ready to abandon this perennial cornerstone of the gay ban. As Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney reported to Congress in July 1991, "I think there have been times in the past when [opposition to gays in the military] has been generated on the notion that somehow there was a security risk involved, although I must say I think that is a bit of an old chestnut." The next step will be for the United States to realize that gays can only be blackmailed if public knowledge of their sexual appetites will get them in trouble, which is possible for as long as homosexuality remains grounds for dismissal.

F troop

Education is too often offered as a pat remedy for changing attitudes and fighting discrimination. Reeducating soldiers would have to be more sophisticated than, for instance, the superficial efforts to change the minds of high schoolers abouts drugs with "Just Say No" buttons. An aggressive army training and indoctrination program would have to be aimed at both officers and enlisted men. Because American recruiters in the post-Soviet world enjoy a buyer's market for new talent, inveterate gay-bashers could be weeded out before they get into uniform. For soldiers who have already been through boot camp, the Holland example suggests that if the Pentagon was willing to supply the effort, gays could be integrated with no more upheaval than when blacks were integrated decades ago. As for costs, if any new education efforts cost taxpayers less than the $27 million we lose every year training soldiers and then throwing them out because they're discovered to be gay, letting gays into the army will save us money.

In the meantime, the American public is slowly producing another compelling reason to drop the gay ban: The people *want* it dropped. Sixty-nine percent of all Americans, according to a 1991 Gallup poll, believe gays should be hired as armed forces members—that's up from 51 percent in 1977.

With racial integration of the military, America's generals already proved that bigotry can be fought by fiat and force of will. The Tailhook incident behind it, the Navy is again about to show that it can alter the behavior of its underlings, this time with a top-down campaign to fight sexual harassment. The experience of other nations' armies with gays reinforces what has always been true here: Soldiers take their cues from above. If history is any way to tell, gays will be unwelcome in U.S. forces for as long as the military's high ranks cling to unreasonable rationales for excluding them. If conservatives are really interested in creating the most effective military possible—one with the fittest, sharpest soldiers—then a lieutenant who protested the expulsion of Hallie Weinstein's lover in a formal letter to Fort Bragg commanders has a simple, overdue suggestion: "The army cannot afford to lose soldiers like her but instead should be concentrating on efforts to eliminate the multitude of mediocre nonperformers." □

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WHO'S WHO

A well-informed observer of **Bill Clinton**'s campaign predicts that **George Stephanopoulos** will emerge as a key player in the Clinton White House because, more than anyone else on the campaign staff, he is capable of bridging the gap between the policy wonks and the political operatives. . . .

Alexander Haig's new book, *Inner Circles*, contains evidence that will bolster the following suspicions: that **Fidel Castro** was behind the assassination of **John Kennedy**, that the North Vietnamese did not attack the destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy*—in other words, that there was no justification for the Tonkin Gulf Resolution —and that **Lyndon Johnson** did want **Richard Nixon** to defeat **Hubert Humphrey** in the 1968 election. . . .

The job that Clinton's aides arranged for **Gennifer Flowers** was open, according to the conservative magazine *Destiny*, because a black woman named **Charlotte Perry** had been denied a promotion. . . .

Those seeking an explanation of **Alan Simpson**'s behavior during the **Anita Hill** hearings may have found the smoking gun. A recent survey by the Architect of the Capitol has found "particularly high levels of lead" in the two water fountains located closest to Simpson's office in the Dirksen building. . . .

In the October 7, 1992, *Washington Post*, **Bob Woodward** made a convincing case that **Nicholas Brady** has not been such a hot secretary of treasury. Who's Who readers got this news in our May 1990 issue. But we have to admit that Woodward got some sweet details. For instance, **James Baker** actually apologized to Bush administration colleagues for having recommended Brady's appointment. For his part, **Richard Darman** called Brady a "dolt." . . .

You probably know that Secretary of Defense **Dick Cheney** avoided the Vietnam draft, but you may not be aware of the details—recently supplied by **Lawrence J. Korb** in *Army Times*—of his five deferments. For example, when Cheney lost his fourth deferment as a married but childless man in 1965 he regained it by becoming a father nine months and two days after the deferment was taken away. . . .

Sometimes the editing of this column is a tad too severe. Lost on the cutting room floor last month was a paragraph explaining the significance of the marriage of writer **John Hersey** to **Frances Ann Cannon**, a young woman **John Kennedy** had wanted to marry. Cannon turned him down, but later made up for it in spades. For it was through Cannon that Hersey met JFK, learned of the latter's heroics in the South Pacific, and wrote a dramatic account of them in *The New Yorker*. Hersey's PT 109 story was later reprinted in *Reader's Digest*. During the 1960 campaign, the Kennedy forces dusted off the *Digest* article and distributed millions of copies to voters—a move that was said to have boosted Kennedy's fortunes significantly in states like West Virginia, where voters particularly prized military valor. Thus defeat in romance led to victory at the polls. . . .

We hear that **Marian Wright Edelman** will not accept the Health and Human Services secretaryship that practically everyone is expecting **Bill Clinton** to offer her. Word is that she would rather remain at the helm of the Children's Defense Fund than deal with the headaches of running a large bureaucracy. . . .

While **Dan Quayle** often complains about excessive government spending, economizing doesn't always begin at home. According to *Roll Call*, Quayle's payroll for his Senate staff is 33 percent greater than what **George Bush** had four years ago and 58 percent larger than **Walter Mondale**'s in 1980. . . .

Princess Diana is not the only prominent person to be embarrassed by cellular telephone eavesdroppers. Recently, **Dan Quayle**'s chief of staff, **William Kristol**, was overheard calling a subordinate a "jerk" for telephoning him at home in the evening. . . .

The man who supplied the clinching evidence that **George Bush** did know about the arms-for-hostages deal with Iran in July 1986 is **Howard R. Teicher**, who at that time was a Mideast expert on the staff of the National Security Council. Teicher says that he personally briefed Bush about the deal.

Other evidence that Bush knew more than he admits comes from ABC News "Nightline," which revealed last month that **Amiram Nir**, the Israeli counterterrorism expert who worked closely with **Oliver North** in arranging the deal, had also discussed it with Bush in July 1986. The "Nightline" story confirms a rumor first published by Who's Who last December that Nir had recorded the incriminating conversation—only ABC says he did it in a memorandum, not on tape, as we had heard. (Still, we're not entirely convinced there's not a smoking tape tucked away somewhere. If Nir taped his chats with the lowly Ollie, wouldn't you think he'd switch on the tape recorder when he had the vice president of the United States in a compromising position?)

Still, tape or no tape, there's a persuasive body of evidence of Bush's complicity, including the records of his then-Chief of Staff **Craig Fuller** and of the then-secretaries of state and defense, **George Shultz** and **Caspar Weinberger**. . . .

If you want a clue as to how the Washington power elite thinks the election is going, look at Hill and Knowlton, the big PR/lobbying firm **Susan Trento** described in these pages in September. Hill and Knowlton has chosen a liberal Democrat and Clinton adviser, **Howard Paster**, to replace its prominent Republican leader, **Robert Gray**. . . .

—*Susan Threadgill*

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The Advertising Agency

How the CIA flouted the law using Madison Avenue techniques to arm-twist for the contras

by Robert Parry

One muggy August day in 1983, five advertising executives entered the stately Old Executive Office Building next to the White House and walked to the security checkpoint where uniformed officers handed them temporary clearance badges. The executives were then led to a briefing room where a young military aide explained why the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, William J. Casey, had invited them to the National Security Council offices. Casey, the aide explained, wanted these ad men to devise tactics for selling the American people on the strategic threat posed by the leftist Sandinista government in Nicaragua and by Marxist rebels in El Salvador. After lunch, the executives met with Casey and in a brainstorming session more likely on Madison Avenue than Pennsylvania Avenue, the group sketched some ideas for pitching the Central American threat to the public.

The story of the PR campaign inspired by this meeting is one of the lesser known aspects of Iran-contra; it was overlooked again when the Reagan administration's biggest scandal crept back into the news in September to rehaunt George Bush with "what-did-he-know" questions. But in 1983, Casey set up a highly unusual propaganda machine that for three years ran "private" fundraising fronts, spread unseemly lies about the Sandinistas, and bullied journalists and editors, all in an effort to encourage the media and Congress to be more pro-contra. It didn't entirely work; most Americans never believed the contras were the God-fearing boy scouts Reagan said they were any more than they thought the Sandinistas were the devil's diplomats. But it did influence the congressional debate and discourage reporting about the contras in the nation's press. Casey's campaign was also extraordinary because it

Robert Parry recently published the book, Fooling America: How Washington Insiders Twist the Truth and Manufacture the Conventional Wisdom *(Morrow).*

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helped shield a secret White House contra aid program that was explicitly against the law. And it was a flagrant violation of the historic and legal barrier against the CIA's interference in U.S. political debates.

Casey initiated the PR offensive because, by the summer of 1983, Congress was losing patience with the contras. Stories were seeping northward about atrocities perpetrated by undisciplined contra units sweeping through Nicaraguan villages like born-to-be-wild motorcycle gangs. Unarmed captives were executed, women raped, and farming communities devastated. But Casey knew that to toss out the Sandinistas, the contras needed to grow into an effective fighting force. That would take time and money; he was running out of the former and Congress was about to get tight with the latter.

One internal White House memo described Casey as the driving force behind a PR apparatus that would "sell a 'new product'—Central America."

Casey believed his best chance to salvage the situation was through a combination of continued economic-military-political pressure on the Sandinistas and a bold "public diplomacy" campaign at home to mold public opinion and put Congress in a more pro-contra mood. One internal White House memo would describe Casey as the driving force behind a PR apparatus that would "sell a 'new product'—Central America." But while Casey was about to get into the PR biz, he had no intention of becoming the next Lee Iaccoca; the CIA is, after all, barred by law from influencing American public opinion.

To skirt those rules, a career CIA propaganda expert, Walter Raymond Jr., agreed to resign from the agency before taking over the "public diplomacy" apparatus. Raymond also recognized that it was important "to get [Casey] out of the loop," according to an August 29, 1983, memo. That wouldn't be easy. Years later, looking back on his failure to ease Casey out of sight, Raymond offered Iran-contra investigators the rationalization that Casey had engaged in these PR activities "not so much in his CIA hat, but in his adviser-to-the-president hat."

But starting in 1983, Casey peppered the PR operation with suggestions, helped arrange staff, and received progress reports on the project's success in molding public perceptions. Even after $100 million in contra aid was approved in 1986, Casey kept up the pressure. In August of that year, he dispatched one of his CIA counselors, Peter Dailey, to meet with the public diplomacy team and urge them to "run it more like a political/presidential campaign." A month later, on September 13, 1986, National Security Adviser John Poindexter sent a computer message to Oliver North, saying that Casey was still looking for "a political operative that can twist arms and also run a high-powered public affairs campaign."

One National Security Council official who worked closely with North and ex-CIA propagandist Raymond told me that the overall strategy was "to manipulate [U.S.] public opinion . . . using the tools of Walt Raymond's trade craft which he learned from his career in the CIA covert operation shop." Raymond, who called public diplomacy a "new art form," described the objective of his propaganda campaign as "gluing black hats on the Sandinistas and white hats [on the contras]."

A team of what we can only guess were underutilized psychological warfare specialists from the special operations forces at Fort Bragg was called in to complement the creative talent already assembled from the advertising world. Their job was to identify "exploitable themes and trends," and, no question about it, they came up with some good stuff. One such "theme" was dubbed "Sandinista chic" and involved revealing that the "commandantes [were] living a high life style . . . [of] corruption and drugs."

Another early PR tactic targeted the U.S. Jewish community by depicting the Sandinistas as anti-Semitic. Most of Nicaragua's small Jewish community had indeed fled Nicaragua after the revolution, but an investigation by the U.S. embassy in Managua found that the exiles' troubles stemmed from their close commercial and military ties to the Somoza dictatorship. The embassy "found no verifiable ground on which to accuse the [Nicaraguan government] of anti-Semitism." The White House withheld the embassy findings by keeping the cable classified.

To help create a receptive audience in Washington for its contra cheerleading, the administration's "public diplomacy" apparatus secretly funded several ostensibly private organizations to reiterate PR messages and challenge critics. The administration

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solicited from private donors $400,000, which was then dispensed to friendly groups, including Accuracy in Media, to spearhead attacks on critical journalists. On other occasions, the administration paid outside consultants to write pro-contra opinion pieces that were then published in American newspapers.

White House aide Oliver North pursued a similar strategy when he raised private donations for pro-contra organizations such as the National Endowment for the Preservation of Liberty. That group, run by conservative activist Carl "Spitz" Channell, spent North-solicited money to sponsor negative political ads against congressmen who were regarded as swing votes and others who were leading contra critics. When one targeted critic, Maryland Rep. Michael Barnes, lost a Senate primary bid in 1986, Channell sent North a telegram proclaiming "an end to much of the disinformation and unwise effort directed at crippling your foreign policy goals."

Then there was the strategy for dealing with the press. From 1984 to 1986, the administration tried to stop reporters from publishing evidence that would cast a disparaging light on the contras by establishing a special public diplomacy office at the State Department, headed by Cuban exile Otto Reich.

In a memo to Raymond, Reich boasted that his "public diplomacy" office took "a very aggressive posture vis-a-vis a sometimes hostile press" and "generally did not give any quarter in the debate." Reich vowed that "attacking the president was no longer cost-free." The office had "killed" a number of purportedly "erroneous news stories" before the American people got to hear them, he said. And when Reich couldn't stop bad press outright, the least he could do was make the lives of the offending journalists very unhappy.

Reich's modus operandi was to go over the reporter's head to his editor or to a senior news executive, and challenge every fact, no matter how minor. If nothing else, the experience would waste the editor's time and leave him less eager to challenge the administration's spin the next time the reporter showed up with a contra-related story. In April 1984, for instance, Reich showed up at CBS offices in Washington after President Reagan fumed about the network's Central America coverage. Secretary of State George Shultz later reported to the president that Reich's team had spent one hour complaining to the offending correspondent and two more hours with his bureau chief. This approach, Shultz said, "has been repeated dozens of times over the past few months."

At National Public Radio, which is partially government funded, Reich and one of his aides demanded a meeting with executives and reporters after the network aired a report about a funeral for Nicaraguan civilians massacred in a contra attack. At the session, NPR's foreign editor Paul Allen recalled, Reich "went ballistic" over the story and warned NPR that its broadcasts on the contras "were being measured" for minutes that were deemed either pro- or anti-contra. Reich said he had made similar visits to many other news organizations and had succeeded in getting critical reporters reassigned.

ABC News' Karen Burnes told *Rolling Stone* that the administration pounding was so powerful that she opted for reassignment to Ethiopia to cover the famine.

Allen said Reich's tactics had a subtle effect at the radio network. NPR executives were later cool to stories about the controversial Nicaragua issue. Allen contended that his job evaluation was marked down partly for his role in airing the massacre story. Eventually, he quit NPR and left journalism altogether.

ABC News' correspondent Karen Burnes, who investigated the drug-trafficking issue and other allegations of corruption within contra ranks, cited similar frustrations. She told *Rolling Stone* that the administration pounding was so powerful that she opted for reassignment to Ethiopia to cover the famine. "I'll take a civil war any day before working in this city," she said.

At times, the public diplomacy squad played even dirtier. In 1985, Reich leaked a scurrilous story about American reporters in Managua accepting Sandinista prostitutes. "It isn't only women," Reich told *New York* magazine. For gay journalists, he said, the Sandinistas provided men. The "prostitute" charge was picked up and trumpeted by Accuracy in Media, which identified a *Washington Post* reporter as one of those allegedly receiving the sexual favors.

Reporters who stayed on the contra trail too long grew to expect administration-sponsored character assassination. In 1985-86, while at the Associated

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The Washington Monthly

JOURNALISM AWARD

FOR AUGUST 1992 IS PRESENTED TO

John Newhouse
The New Yorker

Centuries-old ethnic rivalries stirred by Machiavellian leadership are commonly said to be the cause of the recent carnage in the Balkans. But that, explains Newhouse in his August 24 "The Diplomatic Round: Dodging the Problem," is but part of the picture. In this patient, behind-the-scenes account of the maneuvering by European and U.S. diplomats as the crisis unfolded, he shows how a series of diplomatic missteps were equally culpable in turning the breakup of Yugoslavia into a bloodbath. As tension brewed in the Balkans, he writes, "the key western governments flouted some of the first principles of statecraft and diplomacy." For example, he explains, they made clear what they *would not* do in Yugoslavia, in the process giving away the heavy advantage of ambiguity. The gatekeepers of the New World Order, Newhouse ultimately shows, have been as responsible as the ethnic combatants themselves in allowing the breakup of Yugoslavia to dissolve into tragedy.

The Monthly Journalism Award is presented each month to the best newspaper, magazine, television, or radio story (or series of stories) on our political system. Nominations for any newspaper, magazine, or radio or television station in the country are welcome. The subject can be government in its federal, state, or municipal manifestation. Please send nominations to Monthly Journalism Award, 1611 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20009. Two copies of the article or broadcast text should accompany the nomination.

Nominations for stories published or aired in November will close December 15. The winner will be announced in the March issue.

Press, reporter Brian Barger and I wrote many stories about contra abuses and the secret role of Oliver North in supplying the rebels in defiance of Congress. Administration spokesmen would routinely accuse us of bias, say we were "contra-obsessed" and accuse us of having gotten stories through "a personal relationship with someone on the NSC staff."

The whispered accusations against Barger were far nastier than the public ones. An official from Reich's public diplomacy team called one day in 1986 to warn me that my partner was "a Sandinista agent." When I pressed the government official for any evidence to support the charge, he acknowledged that he had none but continued to insist that Barger was "bad news."

Casey at the bat

The overall effect of the Reagan administration's campaign was to wear down the reporters who tried to probe what eventually became the biggest national security scandal of the decade. Although a handful of journalists turned out a few important stories on North's secret intelligence operation, many others figured it just wasn't worth the inevitable heat they would take.

Behind the scenes, Reich and Raymond celebrated their success. Reich bragged that his office had "played a key role in setting out the parameters and defining the terms of the public discussion on Central America policy." Raymond reported to Casey about the achievements of the CIA director's "public diplomacy" brainchild. In a memo sent through NSC adviser Poindexter, Raymond told Casey that "it is clear we would not have won the House vote without the painstaking deliberative effort undertaken by many people in the government and outside."

This claim may have had more to do with braggadocio than reality. But it's true that it took the shooting down of one of North's supply planes over Nicaragua on October 5, 1986, and a report about an Iranian arms-for-hostage scheme in a Beirut weekly on November 3, 1986, to bring the Iran-contra story the prominence it had long deserved. If Watergate was the high water mark for independent journalism, the Iran-contra scandal might have been its nadir. And successfully manipulating the press has proven to be one of the Reagan administration's more enduring legacies. Indeed, when the Desert Storm command sequestered journalists throughout the Persian Gulf war, it was easy to be reminded of Reagan's PR diplomacy team and hear, faintly and in the background, Casey's ad men hard at work. □

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B.S. Economics

While cash-strapped universities cut teachers, classes, and whole departments, they're ignoring all those managers in the Office of Public Relations

by Betsy Wagner and David Bowermaster

Yale and Washington University in St. Louis don't have a whole lot in common—that is, until you look at their ledgers. Last year, both universities laid plans to lop off entire academic departments to help keep the rest of the ship afloat. But their club didn't remain exclusive for long. Columbia, Stanford, and San Diego State University, among others, are also likely to cut academic programs in upcoming years to make up for huge deficits.

The recession has shown up on campuses around the country and settled in alongside the class of '96. Tuitions are up, profs scarcer, and classes larger. The average cost of a four-year private college increased 7 percent this fall to a record $10,498. At public schools, the increase was 10 percent, and during the last decade annual fees at public four-year colleges soared, from an average of $738 to $1,880. Meanwhile, the return on the investment dwindled: Last fall, half of all four-year public universities surveyed by the American Council on Education increased introductory class sizes and reduced the number of courses or sections offered. The result? Fewer students are able to get enough credits to graduate on time, and those forced to stay longer must pay more.

Angry about the trend, students and their families are demanding to know where the money goes. The official answer administrators give is that universities are "labor intensive." They are, of course, but this response also masks one of the dirtiest little secrets on campus today: Despite rising costs and shrinking resources, many more people are making a living off colleges and universities now than 10 years ago. And most of these new people don't deal directly with students at all.

A 1990 Department of Education study shows that between 1975 and 1985, while the

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nation's total number of four-year students increased by only 7 percent, the number of non-academic "professionals" at colleges and universities —a category that includes such pillars of academe as accountants, lawyers, and systems analysts—increased by an astounding 61 percent. During the same period, the number of full-time faculty members increased by only 6 percent. And as it was for bodies, so it was for dollars. In the eighties, administrative budgets grew 26 percent faster than did those for faculty. Nevertheless, administrators are now busily paring where they should cut last—the classroom—instead of turning the shears on the real area of excessive growth: themselves.

Dollarship

Consider the crowd that has assembled in recent years in the president's office at George Washington University (GW): In addition to the president himself, there's his personal assistant, his special assistant, the special assistant for public affairs, two administrative assistants, an executive aide, and a senior clerk. Then there's the GW Multicultural Student Services Center, featuring a multiculturalism director, an associate director, an outreach coordinator, and two senior secretaries. Equally overpopulated is GW's Office of University Relations. Back in 1982 when it was called the Office of Public Relations, there were just two main positions: director and assistant director. But now, aside from an office manager and a handful of secretaries, the office employs a director of university relations, a director of communications, a public relations specialist, and two public information specialists.

Meanwhile, at nearby Johns Hopkins University, there's the "Wellness Center." Its entire mission is something called "coordination." All the services the center is involved with—such as stress management counseling and date rape workshops—were at one time administered by the offices that actually provide these services. In other words, the Wellness Center is no more than a Department of Meetings. And at Washington's Howard University, despite the fact that administrative staff was cut by nearly 15 percent last year, there is still one administrator for every five students.

Admittedly, some of the administrative buildup in the eighties was necessary. Increased threat of litigation prompted larger security forces and more lawyers; more stringent health and safety regulations meant more inspectors on campus; and intensified competition for a declining pool of students spawned additional officials in admissions and public relations. But no matter how labor-intensive a university might be, one would expect that the recent computerization of tedious, formerly manual tasks such as registration and billing would have reduced the number of administrative employees. It hasn't.

There's little mystery about why administrative bloat is the last to go when colleges start cutting costs. The managers simply don't relish the idea of taking back privileges they granted themselves during the healthy-budget eighties. "The administrators are doing the cutting, and naturally the administration is not the first place they look to cut," observes Barbara Bergmann, president of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP). As if to illustrate that point, Tom Otwell, a public relations officer at the University of Maryland at College Park, sniffs, "The administration should not be singled out for savings any more than a subscription to an obscure but important academic journal." But hold on—over the last decade, Otwell's school has witnessed a 38 percent increase in administrative staff and a 67 percent jump in professional staff. (Have we mentioned the full-time glass blower?) Meanwhile, the faculty grew by only 10 percent. All this while total enrollment *dropped*.

Not only have staff rolls gotten fatter, but so have administrative paychecks. In 1990–91, the median salary for all college and university chancellors was $95,500, nearly double the 1981–82 figure of $52,000. And nowadays, staff salaries and benefits consume the lion's share of budget outlays—up to 70 percent at some schools.

While some of the benefits are justified, the extravagant abuses that have been recently reported are not. Consider the crafty maneuvering in 1990 by Chancellor W. Ann Reynolds of the California State University. Reynolds sought to purchase six new cars to placate her vice chancellors, who were suffering the indignity of having to check vehicles out of a motor pool. But because the state was cracking down on faculty expenses at state universities, purchases of more than $100,000 had to be reported to the government. Reynolds thought it unwise to attract attention to herself—especially since she was also giving the vice chancellors salary raises of 15 to 25 percent. So she bought six Ford Tauruses at a total cost of $99,998.70.

With a logic familiar to observers of congressional pay raises and fat-cat tax breaks, Peter Linkins, president of Lehigh University, defends astronomical salaries and other benefits by pointing out the small impact their elimination would have on the bottom line. In an operation of Lehigh's size, says Linkins, "eliminate a vice president and you haven't even touched the cost." Eliminate a slew of vice presidents, on the other hand, and your freshmen may be

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able to take Introductory Art History in a class with fewer than 200 students.

Still, some administrators are so committed to preserving the system that they are willing to defy the law. The Maine legislature tried to target high-paid bureaucrats at the University of Maine last year by trimming 5.5 percent from all salaries higher than $50,000. This was after the school's board of trustees had decided to exempt its employees from the mandates of earlier budget cuts, awarding pay raises to a significant number of the highest paid U of M bigshots. Thus, despite the new budgetary restrictions, the school's board continued to dole out pay hikes to administrators—while cutting class sections and reducing student services.

Luxe et veritas

Administrators defend classroom cuts by arguing that faculty salaries are the main reason for budget woes—and hence the main reason tuitions are rising. The press has echoed their argument, pointing an accusatory finger at superstar faculty members and their superstar salaries. While it is true that full professors at Harvard make, on average, nearly $90,000, that's way above the average academic's pay. In fact, after factoring in inflation, the average salary a professor received in 1989–90—$39,965—was actually $200 *lower* than the average for 1972–73.

Faculty at the University of Virginia, for example, took a 2 percent pay cut in December 1990. But at least they have jobs; at San Diego State University (SDSU), 1,000 faculty members have been fired or given "early retirement" by the university and 22 courses were recently shifted to the school's extension program (where teachers are often not faculty members). Meanwhile, SDSU's enrollment dropped as students were unable to get the classes they wanted; surviving faculty members, for their part, often drastically stretched their class sizes. "You would be happy to sit on the floor for the semester—at least that meant you got into the class," says SDSU student Merek Findling. The cutbacks at SDSU mirror the plight of the rest of the widely respected California State University system. The $300 million in budget cuts this year, a more than 7 percent reduction, have jacked up the fees for in-state students by 70 percent, and at the same time fewer class sections are being offered.

At Yale, retrenchments have prompted administrators to plan an 11 percent cutback in faculty, a merging of three engineering departments into one, and the elimination of the entire linguistics department. At Washington University in St. Louis, the sociology department and school of dentistry have already been phased out. No school, however, has come close to the desperation exhibited by Cal State Long Beach, where some 50 volunteers in 1991 taught classes previously led by professors.

Of course, trimming faculty occasionally makes sense. Some professors make too much money, and others teach only one or two courses a year. (And in some cases, the courses they do offer might be better left out of the curriculum: One Temple University professor, for example, offers "UFOs in American Society," in which assignments include viewing movies such as *The Thing*; and one Brigham Young University scholar put together a course titled "Household Equipment" to teach students to master the "selection . . . operation, and care of household equipment.")

Even so, budget-cutters should never be allowed to forget a basic maxim: Students need teachers more than they need administrators. Faculty cutbacks not only affect students through larger classes, fewer offerings, and less one-on-one faculty contact, but also hamper the administrators' most important long-term goals: making money and staying alive. Reducing the number of teachers is simply bad marketing—no student wants to pay large tuition bills to sit in the back of a 600-seat lecture hall and listen to a teaching assistant drone over a PA system.

Some schools are finally getting the point—sort of. Last academic year, Middlebury College eliminated 41 support staffers, and George Mason University abolished 180 similar staff positions—but note: Most of those were secretaries, not $40,000 special assistants.

What's perhaps most frustrating about administrative self-protection at American universities is that the few institutions that have taken the plunge have discovered—surprise, surprise—that administrative austerity isn't the end of higher education as we know it. Consider the University of Virginia (UVa). During two years of budget cutbacks totalling $74 million, the frugal state university was forced to put a freeze on filling many of its vacant administrative slots. It now has two fewer vice presidents in its office of business and finance, one less director in its communications office, and 200 fewer miscellaneous administrative staffers on campus. Despite the smaller staff, President John Casteen III is pleased. "It is a considerable lesson to discover," he admitted, "that one third of the people you no longer have really were not necessary to the academic operation of the university." The AAUP's Bergmann believes many schools could safely follow UVa's lead: "In my view you could take a substantial whack from administration, and universities wouldn't be worse off—they'd be better off." □

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Split Decision

One quick way to prevent another Quayle: Let the voters choose the veep.

by Akhil Reed Amar and Vik Amar

If George Bush's decision in 1988 to put Dan Quayle one cardiac arrest away from the presidency gave you heart palpitations of your own, you might wonder why our system does not inquire into the will of the voters when it comes to the bottom half of the national ticket. After all, the way veeps are now chosen is an utter perversion of democracy: None of *us* asked Quayle to even come within shouting distance of the Oval Office, and the guy who did is the only one who wouldn't be around to endure a Quayle administration if it ever came to pass.

Exit polls four years ago suggested that many Americans liked the idea of Bush and Bentsen in the White House. But no matter how much you liked Bentsen (or disliked Quayle), you couldn't get Bentsen without bringing Dukakis along for the ride. Why is that? Was it the Constitution that denied us the option of casting our ballots for, say, Carter/Dole in 1976, or for Nixon/Shriver in 1972? The short answer is that the Constitution imposes no requirements that national tickets be voted on as a whole. But setting aside legal and historical issues, ticket splitting makes sense not only because it's more democratic, but because it's practical: It could make our federal government more efficient and—hear us out on this—*less* divided. It could also make the role of the number two man more than that of a high-profile funeral attendee. With Americans going to the polls this November again hamstrung in their choices at the top, it's time to consider the advantages of an elected vice president.

One good reason for rethinking the current system—at least for strict constructionists—is that the Twelfth Amendment explicitly provides for separate balloting of the president and vice president. In elections in the early 19th century, various members of the electoral college did indeed choose to split their tickets. In 1836, for instance, a crucial bloc of electors cast ballots for Martin Van Buren but not for his running mate, Richard Johnson, sending the veepstakes to the House of Representatives. (Johnson eventually won.) Today, it's state laws that prohibit ticket splitting and since there are no federal laws requiring us to keep the ticket intact, changing the system would not necessitate the cumbersome process of a Constitutional amendment.

States may prohibit ticket splitting for presidential elections, but they're less prickly when it comes to their own elections. Many allow voters to choose a governor and lieutenant governor from different parties, and of course allow senators and representatives from different parties. So long as ticket splitting is allowed at the state level, it's difficult to justify barring the practice when it comes to president and vice president.

But there's more than just consistency at stake. A bipartisan White House might actually cure some of the problems associated with divided government. Washington's gridlock pantomime is now maddeningly familiar: A president from one party tries to lead while a Congress controlled by the other party refuses to follow. Each tries to grab credit for successful legislation while saddling the other with blame when things go wrong or, as is more often the

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case, when things go nowhere. All this finger pointing diffuses responsibility, confuses voters, and encourages elected officials to play games rather than provide leadership.

But put a Democratic VP and a Republican president in the White House and suddenly the rules of the blame game are different. No longer would a Democratic Congress be able to smite the Executive's plans without bringing their man down a notch at the same time. More importantly, bipartisan disagreements could be ironed out in the Oval Office, before the president's ideas make their way to the Hill, where outright rejection is now more common than sensible compromise.

If voters opted for a divided White House, they could also help reverse some recent reforms that have helped to cause the current legislative paralysis. Thanks to changes in House rules introduced in the seventies—such as decreasing the importance of seniority among members and increasing the number of committees—power in Congress these days is far more diffuse. While this dispersion allows for a more democratic legislature, it also poses big problems for the president: With whom can he cut a deal that will stick? Negotiating with a 535-person committee isn't an option. Just ask Jimmy Carter, a Democratic president who was continually stymied by a Democratic Congress.

When the presidency and Congress are controlled by different parties, an elected vice president of the congressional party could act as a bridge and a point man. If the president wanted to go to war or was looking to build bipartisan support on an issue, he could consult with his veep, who, by dint of having won his job in a national election, would have more clout and a stronger mandate to negotiate than any Congressional long-timer. Such an arrangement might have made a difference in the lead-up to the Gulf war. In the months before the shooting started, George Bush often complained that Congress was too unwieldy a body to consult thoroughly. Bush had a point, but he used this fact as an excuse to press ahead with his own plans after only a bare minimum of consultation with the House and Senate.

An elected VP could also act as a watchdog in the executive branch. Here, parliamentary systems offer a useful model: Even when the minority party in such a system lacks the power to block the majority's policies—just as a VP might find himself unable to effectively influence a president's objectives—it can protect the people by alerting the public to possible government misconduct and dirty-dealing. In any future Iran-contra type fiascos an elected veep would sound the alarms (or gripe about being left out of the meetings) before the scandal hit the headlines. Gone would be any talk about being "out of the loop."

Absentee ballot

An untied ticket would have important effects even if it did not yield a two-party executive. For one, it would force voters to focus more seriously on the vice presidency; the job may seem insignificant when the commander-in-chief is feeling spry, but let's not forget that over one quarter of vice presidents in this century have ascended to the presidency. The split ticket would also make the candidates themselves consider their choices more seriously; if a candidate doesn't select his running mate wisely, he runs the risk of riding into the White House shadowed by an unfriendly deputy. Just as a president need only threaten a veto to cajole Congress into acting more to his liking, voters need not exercise their ticket splitting option to encourage better nominations for vice president.

What would have happened if separate ballots for president and vice president had been allowed in 1988? At first blush, it might seem that Lloyd Bentsen would be vice president today, for he may well have beaten Quayle in an untied election. But of course, had ticket splitting ground rules been in place, Quayle would probably never have been tapped for the number two spot, and he'd still be an unremarkable senator from the land of the Hoosiers. At the very least, the Republican party would have vetted its potential vice presidential candidates more carefully, perhaps in the presidential primary system or even via a separate vice presidential primary. Thus, the real winner in our hypothetical 1988 contest might not have been Bentsen, but Bob Dole or Jack Kemp.

The real question for future elections is this: Shouldn't our electoral rules be designed to put the best vice president in the White House? Currently, the president-in-waiting has virtually no constitutional duties and, to make matters worse, no personal electoral mandate from the American people—an especially grave problem if the commander-in-chief dies. Maybe it's time to make the vice president a useful part of our system and make the qualifications for this awkward and slightly ridiculous job something rarer than a beating heart. □

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TIDBITS & OUTRAGES

LOOTING: YOU CAN'T WIN IF YOU DON'T PLAY

Sergio Hernandez was arrested after police discovered that in his house he was hiding five vacuum cleaners, a camcorder, a couple of cellular telephones, and clothes stolen in the L.A. riots. Hernandez won the $3 million jackpot in the 1989 California lottery.

GIVEN HIS TRACK RECORD, IT'S A WISE PRECAUTION

The new $100 million home built by producer Aaron Spelling, creator of "Charlie's Angels," "The Love Boat," "Dynasty," and "Beverly Hills, 90210," contains a bombproof anti-terrorist room.

PENTAGON ANNOUNCES TRUTH-IN-CAROUSING ACT

Navy Pilots to Make Late-Night Maneuvers

Navy jets will be screeching through the skies near Miramar Naval Air Station as late as 1:30 a.m. for the next month, the service statement that apologized for "any inconvenience this noise may cause our neighbors."

Miramar, one of the Navy's prin-

AND IF YOU RUN *BANANAS* BACKWARDS, IT SHOWS ALLEN OFFERING CANDY TO SCHOOLGIRLS

Newsweek's cover story about the Woody Allen-Mia Farrow controversy stated that a record album made in 1970 by Dory Previn, the former wife of Farrow's ex-husband Andre Previn, contained "facts that might bear on the matter." The article cited the following lyric from one of the album's songs: "With my Daddy in the attic, that is where my being wants to bed . . . and he'll play his clarinet when I despair," and then observed that although Allen didn't meet Farrow for another nine years and is not known to have any relationship to Dory Previn, Allen "is a well-known clarinetist."

BOB SAGET, PLEASE CALL YOUR OFFICE

In Potosi, Missouri, a hunter showing off a turkey he thought he had killed was shot in the leg when the wounded bird triggered the man's shotgun with a claw.

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Workers Stiffed

Death and injury rates among America's workers soar, and the government has never cared less

by Allan Freedman

On his best day, Stephen King couldn't have made this up: Homer Stull, a 20-year-old kid working the graveyard shift in June 1991 at Liberal, Kansas's National Beef packing plant, died in a tank of cattle blood. He was cleaning a filter atop a 20-foot-high storage tank holding 27,000 gallons of the blood—a tank where something had gone seriously wrong several days before. The plant had lost electrical power, and deep in the vat, the bovine blood stagnated instead of circulating, releasing deadly hydrogen sulfide fumes. When Stull, oblivious to the danger, climbed up on the tank, the blood's fumes choked him. He died, retching on poisonous gas—as did two other workers trying to rescue him.

Oddly enough, this had all happened before. In 1983, three National Beef workers died in a similar way at the same tank in the same plant. Weird coincidence?

Actually, fortune had nothing to do with it. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA)—the federal agency responsible for monitoring on-the-job safety—had simply failed, once again, to do its job. When the first trio of men died, OSHA fined National Beef $960—that's $320 a life—and asked that the cleaning routine be made safer. But after a single follow-up inspection in the wake of the first deaths, OSHA never came back to check if the new rules were being enforced.

The macabre case of National Beef underscores an equally macabre new trend, one endangering millions of American workers. On-the-job injury rates—once on the decline—are now at their highest levels in a decade. The AFL-CIO estimates that 6 million workers are injured every year; 60,000 of those are permanently disabled. Though fatalities are down, 10,000 workers were killed on the job in 1990. That's about one Homer Stull every hour. To

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make matters worse, observers inside and outside OSHA say these death and injury figures may be underreported by as much as 50 percent. But nobody—not OSHA, not the Department of Labor, not Congress—seems to care very much.

What's going on? OSHA's boilerplate defense is that it's understaffed and underfunded. That may be true, but at the same time, the agency hasn't really lobbied for more money. Its $300 million federal appropriation is laughable compared to the $1.1 billion earmarked to monitor fish and wildlife. The agency is supposed to keep tabs on 6 million workplaces with just 1,200 inspectors and 21 OSHA-approved state inspection programs. That means it can inspect individual employers once every 84 years, according to the AFL-CIO. And a General Accounting Office report reveals that because of "resource constraints," fewer than 5 percent of OSHA's 1991 inspections were follow-ups to check on whether existing problems had been resolved.

Follow-up inspections at National Beef would have revealed that management wasn't paying attention. "The plant was in deplorable shape," concedes Tom Gutykunst, president and CEO of National Beef's parent company, Idle Wild Foods. Gutykunst's company took over the Liberal plant a few months before the 1991 deaths, inheriting an operation, he said, with safety problems exacerbated by OSHA's failure to reinspect. The agency wasn't slow on the trigger when the second round of deaths occurred: It hit National Beef with a $1.5 million fine. But that doesn't mean the firm will end up paying that amount, as OSHA has a history of reducing its heftiest fines.

While there have been more and better workers' compensation insurance programs in recent years, management has found a way to capitalize on even that. The insurance gives employers a rationale to cut corners on safety: If the company's covered, then it doesn't have to cough up huge settlements when somebody croaks in a tank of blood or gets eaten by a machine. In a catch-22 that squeezes workers from both sides, OSHA doesn't have enough power to force sloppy employers to clean up their acts. And the agency has been notoriously reluctant to use what little power it does have.

Accidents happen

OSHA's paltry budget is no accident; it's the result of three consecutive Republican administrations that would rather bow to businesses than protect workers. While mindlessly pursuing a deregulatory agenda, the Republicans put a clamp on smart regulations. Meanwhile, labor unions, long advocates of safe working conditions, are declining at an alarming rate. (Just 18 percent of all wage and salary workers currently belong to unions, compared to 25 percent in 1970.) As a result, today's workers have nowhere to turn to make sure management isn't overlooking safety. Nowhere, that is, except to an administration that ranks workplace safety about as high a priority as gay rights.

Take the Department of Labor. In April, the United Food and Commercial Workers' union petitioned for a new standard to protect workers from repetitive motion injuries. There's now hard evidence that such injuries skyrocketed by 550 percent from 1981 to 1989. But the administration said no. In another case, when OSHA itself proposed to limit drastically the toxic fumes to which workers could be exposed to during road and roof repairs, Labor declined. After the asphalt industry launched what *The Wall Street Journal* called "a back-door lobbying assault," Labor suggested an asphalt exposure standard 25 times higher than what OSHA's health officials thought appropriate.

The fact that 300 workers are killed in enclosed spaces every year doesn't faze the administration either. While there's been some talk about requiring employers to identify confined spaces, flag their hazards, check oxygen levels, and require breathing equipment (regulations that, according to OSHA inspectors, might have saved the six men at National Beef), OSHA failed for more than a decade to get the new regs on the books. Why the inaction? One reason is that the agency has had 10 different directors in the past 12 years—a political turnover that's kept the agency from setting long-term goals.

But even those directors who have stuck around for a while haven't been especially interested in creating intelligent regulations or even enforcing the old ones. OSHA, for example, doesn't fully use its civil power to impose significant fines. Between 1972 and 1990, the median death or injury penalty was $480. In 1990, Congress gave OSHA a sevenfold increase in its civil-penalty power; in 1992, the GAO found that the average penalty still fell dramatically short of the new maximum levels. Even when OSHA levies hefty, high-profile fines, corporations often succeed in getting those fines reduced. According to an OSHA inspector general's report, 72 percent of "egregious" penalties were cut. Phillips Petroleum knows all about that. After a 1989 explosion killed 23 workers at the Phillips plant in Pasadena, Texas, OSHA found 575 willful and serious safety violations. Bravely, the agency fined the corporation $5.7 million. Ultimately, however, Phillips got the fine reduced by nearly a third and convinced OSHA to drop charges of the

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most serious safety violations. That was not an isolated case: The GAO says contested OSHA penalties get cut in 57 percent of the cases employers fight.

While the big fish slip the hook, OSHA seems more interested in pursuing dubious microregulations. In the seventies, for example, the agency decreed that toilet seats had to be horseshoe-shaped. In 1991, another pointy-headed ruling in effect required companies to label ordinary table salt with health warnings. Republicans love to hype examples of regulatory overkill as prime reasons to deregulate altogether. But that misses the real, flesh-and-blood point: The idea isn't to sweep away all regulations or micro-regulate the world, but to make common-sense rules that protect lives as much as possible.

To blame only OSHA and the administration for OSHA's failures is misleading. Even when OSHA wants to get tough, it's hamstrung by congressional limitations on its enforcement power. In fact, OSHA has never had the authority to close a hazardous workplace: It has to go to court to take that drastic step, and companies know it. As a result, OSHA must routinely rely on a company's good faith to clean up hazards.

In dramatic contrast, OSHA's sister agency, the Mine Safety and Health Administration, has the unilateral muscle to shut down equipment, operations, or entire job sites that pose an imminent danger to workers. Even if corporations appeal, that's the kind of power that can mean the difference between life and death—and between sensible regulatory effectiveness and bureaucratic dithering. The mine safety agency can require that a given hazard be corrected while appeals are pending. By contesting OSHA citations, on the other hand, companies easily delay fixing hazards until cases are resolved years later.

OSHA's power to press criminal charges is even more restricted. Deaths due to willful violations of OSHA standards are punishable by a maximum of six months' jail time—and keep in mind that somebody has to actually die before criminal action can be undertaken. "You can have 1,000 people severely injured and there is no potential for criminal prosecution," says Jan Chatten-Brown, a special assistant to the Los Angeles County district attorney.

What can we do now? In Washington state, worker-employer safety committees are mandatory, and they work. Washington's job safety program, which unites workers and employers in decisionmaking, allowed companies to cut workers' compensation costs by as much as 18 percent in a year. While a health-and-safety committee program similar to Washington's has been introduced in Congress, and is supported in principle by the Clinton campaign, the Bush administration remains opposed to the idea.

OSHAs apart

There is a good bill pending in Congress that would remedy some of the glaring holes in OSHA's power. In June a Senate labor panel held its final hearing of the session on a massive OSHA reform bill. The legislation would boost the agency's fining power, allow it to correct hazards while contested citations are pending, and force employers to verify corrections in writing and post verifications at work sites. The stakes of the debate were dramatized by two witnesses from opposite political worlds: Jesse Jackson and Dorothy Strunk, OSHA's acting administrator.

Jackson was the first to testify. "In many ways, this committee has jurisdiction over the great American promise . . . a promise not just of a job, but of a job with dignity, a job with security, a job with safety." Then came Strunk: "OSHA is protecting America's men and women," she said, and then cut the legs out from under the proposed reform. The bill "would lead to excessive conflict and litigation" and "decrease OSHA's ability to continue to respond to emerging hazards."

Strunk clucked over the money side of things, too. The bill "would require a doubling in OSHA's budget," she said, adding that "that kind of increase is simply unrealistic." Is it? Rep. William D. Ford, the Democratic chairman of the House committee on education and labor, said that the administration had spurned his overtures after the infamous 1991 Hamlet chicken-processing plant fire. "When I offered to help the secretary of labor to secure more funding for OSHA enforcement efforts in North Carolina after the Imperial Food Products fire, my offer was refused."

If nothing else, that remark—and the rest of the hearings—indicates that this is a rare instance where there's money but no will. With organized labor unable—and OSHA unwilling—to take the lead, reform proposals gather dust on the shelf. After all, with unions fading fast, and their limited resources focused on simply protecting wages, the days are gone when they could also battle management to make mines safe and close down sweatshops—let alone push weighty legislation through an ambivalent administration and Congress. But unions alone shouldn't have to carry the burden of making workplaces safe. That job should fall to the president and to the Congress. The statistics are there to justify taking a look at what OSHA does and doesn't do, can and can't do, and, most important, what it ought to do to save lives. □

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No Truth, No Consequences

If Congress wants to discourage testifiers from lying, maybe it should ask them to tell the truth

by Katie Hickox

Before politicians take office, they ar sworn in. Before witnesses testify i court, they pledge honesty. New citizen must swear their allegiance to the flag. Higl school students filling out college application must attest to their truthfulness. Some state won't even let you drive unless you first tak an oath. There is no limit, it often seems, to th venues in which Americans lean on the oath t steer their consciences to honesty—with on glaring exception: the hearing rooms of th United States Congress, where only a handfu of the thousands of witnesses interviewed eacl year are required to take an oath before testify ing.

Pick up your morning paper and you'll se why this is more than an itsy-bitsy problem Congressional inquiries of bureaucrats, agen cy heads, and others are the linchpin of in vestigations from unraveling Iran-contra t unearthing the health risks of breast implant to exposing the illegal dumping of nuclea waste. In terms of public interest, the nee for honesty in these inquiries is about a enormous as it gets. Unfortunately, in term of private interest, the incentive to lie i those hearings can be equally gargantuan Imagine the klieg lights glaring in your fac as, say, the hard-nosed Henry B. Gonzale leans forward and starts to grill you. Imagin being asked to answer questions that will im plicate your boss, your friends, or worse your own leadership and integrity. No imagine knowing that if you fudge the truth forget the facts, or even tell a whopper of lie, not much will happen to you if you'r caught. You are imagining the current state c affairs on Capitol Hill.

Of course, it's thanks to the effectiveness c certain congressional hearings that the publi

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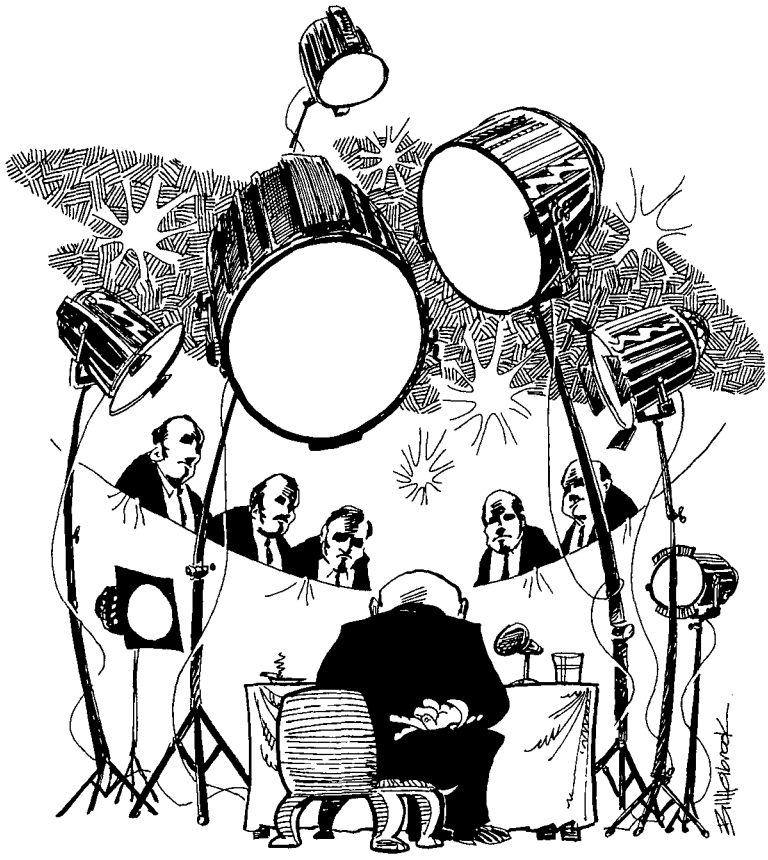
ıow knows about some of the costliest and nost ethically disturbing government and pri-/ate-sector scandals of the decade. But the ab-ɜence of the oath has made getting to the bot-om of those scandals far more strenuous than t should have been, and far more expensive to axpayers. Today, /ou're supporting ı vast bureaucra-:y of congres-ɜional staffers vhose job it is to ɔick through the esponses of a pa-ade of witnesses, :ulling the truth rom the white ies and the black ɔnes. Why should he burden rest vith them? Ask-ng congressional estifiers to swear o tell the truth re-ıuires no new ɜtaff, takes virtu-ılly no time, and loesn't cost a lime. And while t obviously won't ender the lie ob-ɜolete in the Ray-ɔurn building, it night help re-/erse an incentive system that has made lying o Congress one of Washington's more endur-ng traditions.



Of course, lying to Congress, oath or no ɔath, is still a punishable offense, one that can :arry a $5,000 fine and up to five years in ɔrison. But lawyers agree that a perjury case :an only be proven in court if the witness had been sworn in: Having stated the oath for the record, witnesses accused of lying cannot later claim they were unaware of a legal duty to tell the truth.

Yet it's not simply as a legal deterrent that the act of swearing in makes sense. It also serves a symbolic function: a weighty reminder of one's obligation to the truth. For those witnesses who are unaware of the federal statutes banning lying to Congress, the simple act of uttering the oath is likely to conjure up images of a jail door slamming shut behind them. The oath also adds a moral heft to testimony by poignantly reminding bureaucrats that whatever allegiance they feel towards their superiors or their agencies, and whatever fear of retribution haunts them, they must consider a higher loyalty—to their country and their consciences. As judges have long understood, many people will rise to that ethical challenge.

"I think sometimes with all the television cameras and the sound bite questions that people ask, people often forget where they are,"

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notes John Grabow, a former assistant legal counsel for the Senate who now teaches law at Georgetown. "Giving somebody the oath really impresses upon them the seriousness of the forum and their responses."

That psychological signal obviously won't alter the behavior of the determined or inveterate fibber. But for the average congressional witness struggling with his conscience, the oath's simple but powerful message might occasionally be a pivotal one—just the nudge he needs to do the right thing.

Lie detectors

No doubt, some who appear before Congress are struggling with their consciences more than others. Of the two types of fibs floated before congressional committees—the Lie by Omission and the Outright Lie—the latter is perhaps less common, not only because few people like lying outright, but because those lies are often easier to smoke out. Still, that fact hasn't kept some from taking their chances. In June 1990, for instance, when a House Government Operations subcommittee requested documents from the Commerce Department detailing administration dealings with Iraq prior to the Gulf war, Commerce officials—who were not under oath—doctored the data before handing the documents over. Deleted from the submitted papers was information about $1 billion worth of trucks sold to Saddam for military use, as well as the names of other departments, including Defense and State, that had approved the sales. Only after a further painstaking investigation did Congress become aware that it had been snookered.

The blackest of all lies, however, and the toughest to catch, as Alfred Lord Tennyson once said, are those that are half true. And on Capitol Hill, they are also the most common: Testifiers with something to hide often dance around the truth simply by selectively presenting information.

Observe how one Agricultural Research Service official, Dr. Mary Carter, weaved her way through a series of questions posed by Rep. Ron Wyden during a 1991 committee hearing that probed a series of exclusive agreements between the federal government and the Bristol-Myers Squibb Company. The drug company had been granted exclusive access to rare, publicly owned yew trees to develop the anti-cancer drug Taxol. (Yews are the only known source of Taxol.) Wyden was examining, among other things, whether the federal government had been overly generous to the drug company. But Carter dodged even Wyden's simplest questions, which was odd because she had been a key player on the issue. After four questions—three of which were essentially unanswered—Wyden was left little choice but to move on to the next witness.

> WYDEN: How long is it going to take to produce a medicinal form of Taxol from the tissue culture?
> CARTER: . . . I am not sure of the definition of "medicinal" so I can't answer that question. . . .
> WYDEN: What is the likelihood of finding an alternative supply [of Taxol] from ornamental shrubs?
> CARTER: I am not qualified to answer that question. . . . .
> WYDEN: [W]hen do you believe that service [of nursery-grown yews] could come on line as a viable source of Taxol. . . .
> CARTER: I am not familiar with that work at *all*.
> WYDEN: Let me direct this to you, Mr. Overbay. . . .

For the bureaucrat, there are plenty of good reasons to keep Congress at arm's length with a vague, unrevealing response—and the best of them is money. Say you're a NASA bureaucrat testifying about the space station. If you step up to the mike and honestly explain that the station's prospective payoffs can't possibly justify the massive investment being made, those congressmen are going to cut NASA's budget and you and your buddies might wind up out of a job. Better to respond to questions—any questions—with sunny yet vague reports of the space station's stellar progress and promise.

And at a baser level, evasion is used simply to prevent public scandal or embarrassment. What bureaucrat wants to wind up as a cautionary tale on the Federal Page of *The Washington Post*? That fear apparently motivated the Navy to use evidence selectively and distort facts to Congress during its investigation of the 1989 explosion aboard the USS Iowa that killed 47 sailors. The original, now discredited, testimony presented to Congress by Navy officials stated that sailor Clayton Hartwig purposely set off the explosion in an attempt to kill everyone aboard the ship. The Navy conveniently failed to tell Congress, however, that independent examiners reviewing the evidence believed the explosion was more likely to have been an accident. It took a further investigation by both the House Armed Services Committee and the General Accounting Office to bring that crucial piece of data to light.

Unfortunately, when government officials hedge, Congress isn't always so well positioned or motivated to call their bluff. The average senator sits on six committees and subcommittees and reps take on as many as 11 panel assignments, leaving them barely

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enough time to show up at the hearings, let alone conduct lengthy cross-examinations or background searches. Of course, some conscientious legislators—like Reps. Gonzales, Mike Synar, and Senators Howard Metzenbaum and John Glenn—will occasionally latch onto an issue and stick around long enough to grill a witness or two (especially if the TV cameras are rolling). More often, though, it's one lonely member, the panel chair, who sits through the entire subcommittee hearing.

Congress' inability to play truth police isn't what you'd call a new problem. But it wasn't until the lies of Vietnam and Watergate were exposed that Members became aware of its extent. Legislators found themselves struggling fruitlessly to obtain accurate body counts from the defensive military and, from the even more defensive Oval Office, the truth about Rosemary Woods' 18-minute tape gap and the players behind the Saturday Night Massacre. Yet the lesson Congress learned from those scandals was only half right. They beefed up their ability to expose the lies, but they neglected to also demand that bureaucrats tell the truth. Today there are nearly 32,000 Hill staffers who, as part of the General Accounting Office, the Congressional Budget Office, the Office of Technology Assessment, and various congressional oversight committees, keep an eye on the executive branch.

Still, with buildings full of auditors, Congress can only skim the surface: They're responsible for overseeing 3 million federal workers in 13 agencies. A sole subcommittee of the House Government Operations Committee, for example, is assigned to cover seven agencies and a federal department. "No 10 committees could know everything that's going on down there," says one aide with the Environment and Energy subcommittee, "particularly if it's an agency that's doing something that it doesn't want Congress to know about."

Hearing aids

Hire more police? Congress' three oversight agencies already cost taxpayers about $500 million. So why not compel the executive to be open and honest in the first place? Not only might the oath change the minds of witnesses once they take the stand, but it could even affect their work *before* they get there—making them think twice about how they do their jobs. A HUD official who knows he may soon be facing a committee under oath just might think twice about signing off on that housing contract slated for his boss' buddy.

Impressing the urgency of honesty on witnesses could also allow Congress to reduce its costly oversight of the executive branch. It's not that we'll ever outgrow the need for an oversight body like the Congressional Budget Office (CBO), but if Congress had greater confidence in OMB's forthrightness, the mammoth CBO wouldn't need its current 226 employees and $27 million budget.

So the oath makes fiscal and ethical sense in theory. But would it really work? Fortunately, we have a lab to test it out—the few congressional committees that both require sworn testimony and aggressively investigate.

Under congressional rules, any member holding a hearing is free to require an oath, but only a few representatives bother. One of them is Michigan Rep. John Dingell. His Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee has a history of insistence on truth, no matter how powerful the witness called before it—a stance that sends a clear message to testifiers. By turning up the heat on witnesses over several months of follow-up hearings, Dingell's subcommittee discovered, for instance, that former Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) head Anne Burford had withheld key documents (which they suspected would show the EPA cut sweetheart deals with clean-up contractors) from several congressional subcommittees during the Superfund investigations in the early eighties. A few years later, Dingell's committee nabbed former Reagan aide Michael Deaver for knowingly lying to Congress about his lobbying activities after leaving government. (Deaver was later convicted of perjury.)

But the oath's advantage is not just to help in prosecuting artful dodgers; it's in impelling testifiers not to dodge in the first place. "I've had people who were witnesses before our subcommittee tell me that it did make a difference to them knowing they were going under oath," says an aide in Synar's energy and environment subcommittee, another committee that requires the oath. "They were much more careful about preparing their testimony. It just had a lot more weight and significance to them."

Of course, requiring the oath won't mean an end to fibbing. But it will at least send a potent message to those who take the stand. Government lying these days—from Vietnam to Iran-contra—isn't just widespread; it's *expected*. One recent survey showed that 63 percent of the American public has little or no confidence that government officials talk straight. Perhaps the best way to reverse this trend is through constant and forceful reminders to government officials that they have a higher duty than to protect themselves or their superiors. And no reminder is more effective than the six words: "I swear to tell the truth." □

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MEMO OF THE MONTH

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Eric J. Ward, Acting

Barry Finkelman (Act.)
Marlyn Lawrence (Act.)

September 23, 1992

M E M O R A N D U M

TO: MEMBERS, COMMUNITY SCHOOL BOARD 13

FROM: Eric J. Ward, Community Superintendent (Acting)

A man's corpse was found early this morning lying outside of the Berkeley Street side of Public School 282. There is no evidence that this was a student- past or present - at Public School 282K.

EJW/dlw

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See No Evil, Make No Policy

A former State Department insider reveals how his bosses ignored atrocities in Yugoslavia and stayed a step behind the journalists

by George Kenney

The Bush administration pronouncements on the Yugoslav crisis between February and August exhibited the worst sort of hypocrisy. I know; I wrote them. For seven months, in addition to other duties, I was responsible for drafting most public statements on the crisis in Bosnia from the State Department's Yugoslavia desk in Washington. My job was to make it appear as though the U.S. was active and concerned about the situation and, at the same time, give no one the impression that the U.S. was actually going to do something significant about it.

The goal from the beginning was not good public policy, but good public relations, and from that perspective, the administration's approach was a smashing success. It managed to downplay the gravity of the crisis and obscure the real issues. Of course, it did so at the expense of civilian casualties in numbers that are not yet known. Unable to abide this policy, I resigned on August 25. Before I left, however, I got a first-hand, behind-the-curtain look at how the State Department bureaucracy, taking its cues from Bush and Baker, created policy that could not be squared with reality, let alone defended. The trick in this instance was to ignore any facts—whether they pertained to atrocities, rumors of concentration camps, or starvation—that would complicate the policy goal of not getting involved.

There is plenty of blame to go around. Bosnia was an instance in which good policy did not necessarily make for good politics, and Bush was committed to staying aloof for reasons that, as far as I could tell, had everything to do with cowardice, apparently fearing an election-year backlash in the polls for

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intervening abroad. (Democrats were already pounding Bush for caring more about foreign affairs than America's domestic woes.) Bush refused to take even the most timid of steps—like demanding a full accounting of the rumors of atrocities.

Making matters worse, officials at State made virtually no effort to spark Bush to action. Guided by the notion that higher-ups at the White House were concerned more with winning in November than righting any wrongs abroad, department brass simply lacked the guts to confront Bush's senior cabinet officers with arguments that American policy was off course. So timid were State bureaucrats—both senior foreign service officers and appointed officials—that they refused even to probe into reports of Serbian concentration camps. As a result, their policy recommendations, when they did turn them out, were ill-conceived. The only senior person who clearly stood against the administration policy was State Department spokesperson Margaret Tutwiler, but acting essentially alone, she had little impact.

Later, when the sordid details were exposed by the press, State officials refused to acknowledge either a policy failure, or more importantly, an institutional failure to persuade the White House to seek constructive alternatives. A defeatist mentality pervaded the State Department to the lowest ranks; the ethos was that because we can't get involved, we won't get involved.

State of disgrace

American policy was most difficult for me to accept in late July and early August, when Roy Gutman's *Newsday* stories provided the first detailed account of concentration camps. Even to the administration, Gutman's reports were a revelation. Because the situation in Bosnia was deemed too dangerous, U.S. officials were not allowed to travel in Bosnia as Gutman did. We had had some reports of concentration camps, but essentially we knew very little and far less than Gutman. We could not corroborate his details, but the reports seemed plausible.

I knew about the first story before it was in print because Gutman had talked with the U.S. embassy in Belgrade; I was told that Gutman had an important article coming out and to watch for it. When it was published, I made copies and circulated it widely within the department: to the State Department's European Bureau's "front office"—specifically to Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs Ralph Johnson—and to senior aides in Washington on the "seventh floor," where the State Department's top management sits. Around the building, I argued that we had to react. I suggested we set up teams to debrief refugees and collate accounts to get a better picture of events, and that we begin to lay the groundwork for possible war crimes trials. I also recommended that we request a strong, new UN Security Council resolution condemning the camps and demanding access and proper treatment of detainees.

What happened? Senior officers listened politely, told me I had some "good ideas," then did nothing; they neither demanded a fuller accounting, nor passed along any sense of urgency to officials at the White House. Two weeks or so later, when more Gutman stories began to appear and when ITN television broadcasted shocking footage of Serbian concentration camps filled with starving and physically abused men, the public reacted. Only then did State and White House officials wake from their slumber. But they took the most superficial of steps, seeking what were essentially unenforceable UN Security Council resolutions. This was to be the pattern throughout: Policy was media-driven, responding only when confronted by what the press had been able to find out, and then in ways that were entirely inadequate.

We were nudged by journalists with questions like, "What did the State Department know about these concentration camps?" But the real issue was what State would do to find out more. The danger, from the seventh floor's point of view, was that discovering additional horrifying details would multiply demands that the United States intervene. On the one hand, State officials were not prepared to consider journalists' accounts "credible," or "authoritative." On the other, the State Department would not seek information on its own. There was no way for dissonant information to get through the door, making State Department brass look something like children who block out the world by covering their ears and humming loudly.

The United States could easily have conducted an investigation of its own. I proposed sending teams of foreign service officer volunteers into Bosnia to corroborate the journalists' reports. The European Bureau at State firmly squashed this idea. The result was that the administration continued to ignore stories while doing nothing to pursue actions which would prevent the deaths of innocent people.

And while the administration was not seeking out reliable data, it also withheld what little information it had. On September 24, the administration submitted a report to the UN, in accordance with UN Security Council Resolution 771, which called upon members and international humanitarian organizations to submit whatever material they possessed relating to atrocities and war crimes. The U.S. report

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listed 31 violent acts. But for more than five months the American embassy in Belgrade had sent to Washington at least one cable per day on the situation in Bosnia, and each cable reported up to dozens of cases of Serbian atrocities. That makes at least 500 incidents the department did not forward to the UN.

Abserb

There were also internal debates about starvation. In late April, when the United States sent several planeloads of supplies to Bosnia, I had information indicating that Sarajevo would quickly face food shortages unless the West made delivery of supplies to Sarajevo a priority and formalized a relief operation. But senior officers didn't believe that Sarajevo was experiencing or would necessarily ever experience real shortages. To them, aid seemed a "slippery slope" leading inexorably to U.S. military involvement. It gives me no pleasure to say that I was right about the need for food. The West, however, did not begin relief flights until the end of June.

The European Bureau worried that a precipitous U.S. response might prove unnecessary as much as it worried about the Sarajevans' welfare. The chief concern was that the United States could send lots of aid only to discover Sarajevans eating pasta and drinking brandy in their basements. The bureau judged from CNN pictures of Sarajevans running from mortar fire that there were still plenty of well-fed people in Sarajevo. I actually heard this argument from senior officers. Remarkably, we had no Americans there who could provide credible information to advise us one way or the other.

The front office was so committed to stasis that eventually it no longer believed reports of starvation coming from our embassy in Belgrade. Maybe the embassy didn't have the full story. After all, officials could talk only to a limited range of people, many of whom, the front office thought, brought strong biases to their comments.

The skeptics need only have picked up a telephone. I talked to the political section in Belgrade every day and I knew there were desperate food shortages in Sarajevo and throughout Bosnia. By May, the embassy was telling me informally that up to 20,000 Sarajevans could die of hunger and hunger-related illness unless they got food soon. So every day, openly and subversively, I tried to get the State Department spokesman to describe the gravity of the situation. If we officially talked about the problem, I reasoned, the press would keep asking what we would do about it. Public pressure might force us to do what our own reports had not.

I won most of my fights with the Bureau on the issue of starvation because I had an ally in Margaret Tutwiler. While I spoke with her on only a few occasions, I passed material to her—cables marked with highlighter, for instance—outside the regular chain of command. Tutwiler regularly overruled the Bureau in deciding to give details of what we knew to the press. The Bureau hated her changing "their" statements, but she had the power and they had to comply.

Underlying the atrocities, the camps, and the starvation was the fact of Serbian aggression. The senior officers in the European Bureau bent over backwards to be "even-handed" in attributing responsibility for the conflict. Denying the overwhelming preponderance of evidence that Serbia was responsible for the conflict, senior officers took every opportunity to find fault with Croatian and Bosnian efforts to defend themselves.

Our discussions about how to characterize the conflict without taking sides often bordered on the absurd. Supported by others at the working level, I drafted press guidance—material for State Department spokesmen—which consistently referred to and condemned Serbian shelling of Bosnian civilians. The Serbs, after all, had more than 100 pieces of heavy artillery around Sarajevo, while the Bosnian government defenders had fewer than a dozen. This was essentially a Serbian siege in which the Bosnians were shooting back as much as they could. But senior officers in the Bureau pressed repeatedly to have spokesmen say that "all sides" were shelling each other, without focusing blame on Serbian forces.

Most of them knew better. In fact, virtually every official at the U.S. Department of State who deals with Yugoslavia believes that over the past year and a half, U.S. responses have been a monumental debacle. By my own count only six staffers below the level of under secretary supported the administration's line. Nearly every other appointee and civil and foreign service person—senior and junior—knew that the policies of economic sanctions and diplomatic pressure against Serbia could not be expected to produce results.

That a great many people were administering a policy they recognized as futile was only part of the problem. The system was—and still is—at fault, too. Its incentives distort reality with rules that reward caution but penalize imagination. It is inwardly centered and more concerned with procedural protocols than with competition of ideas. The system is there to make our country look good, as opposed to making it do good, and it is politicized from top to bottom. Currently, the only way to make an audible sound of protest is to resign. □

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The New Writers' Bloc

They've got attitude, humor, and an eye for detail. But could journalism's new stylists do more?

by Katherine Boo

Last winter, *Spy* magazine opened a Washington bureau with the expected agenda. Its arch, warts-and-all journalism, heretofore largely limited to Hollywood and New York illuminati, would be brought to bear, just in time for the campaign, on national politicians.

A few years back, as I read *Spy*'s unsparing dissections of short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump and party invertebrate Jay McInerney, it crossed my mind that Washington could benefit from a few *Spy* treatments, that it would be good to see the Richard Darmans and Dick Cheneys held under the *Spy*lights until they started to melt. But as I read the invitation to the bureau's grand opening just as the 1992 primary season opened in New Hampshire, it seemed that *Spy*, for once, was behind the curve. Beating it to the suckerpunch was—could it be?—*The New York Times*.

It wasn't *Spy* that first called Bill Clinton a "letter-sweater smoothie"—although it swiped the line a few months later. Hillary as "Lady Macbeth in a black preppy headband"? *Spy* wishes. Rather, the images of Bush as the existential Yankee and Mario Cuomo as the flesh chomping Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs* were conjured up by *Times* Washington correspondent Maureen Dowd. Her white-hot reporting on the front page of the Good Gray One is changing the standards of mainstream political journalism, for better and worse.

"Welcome to the first presidential campaign with an air of Pirandello," Dowd wrote at the advent of the Democratic primary season, "an absurdist adventure marked by ironic detachment, existential angst, black humor, and, believe it or not, a vow of celibacy." The theater

Katherine Boo is a former editor of The Washington Monthly.

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So why is the Creeping Dowdism in political reporting starting to irritate me? Maybe it's just jealousy—no one writes better, faster, or with more twisted imagination than Dowd. But maybe it's also that, as Dowd might write, the strong spin might be the wrong spin. Forget the usual critic's plaint that this reporting's not objective—it's not, but Dowd's bile spreads fairly evenly across the political spectrum. (Besides, just because the *Times*' Robin Toner is more boring doesn't mean she's less biased.) Rather, what's unsettling is the dark vision of the pointlessness of politics that Dowd and her followers deliver, a vision that an onslaught of bright images can't obscure. Preoccupied with the feints and counterfeints, the preposterous and the poseurs, they seem to believe, and then to promulgate, Dowd's own metaphor. The democratic process is reduced to Pirandello, to theater of the absurd. Trouble is, this audience can't get up and leave.

What qualifies a political writer as a member of the growing cadre of Maureen manqués? Research uncovers a few distinguishing style cues. First, in a naked bid for the video generation, pop-culture references are sprinkled through the copy. Why paint Jerry Brown as the dark horse, the underdog, or any of the other deadline-writer clichés when he can be the subversive Penguin in *Batman Returns*? To impress the editor, on the other hand, higher-brow references—Tsongas, according to Dowd, talks like Daisy Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*—can work magic.

In the hands of these writers, politicians and their cronies seldom *say* anything. Instead, as Michael Specter illustrated recently, they "continue rapidly, seemingly without breathing." Twitches and gestures are uniformly construed as revelatory: When a politician picks his nose, it's a raw moment of internal excavation. And

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the writer never says it once if he can think up several variations: "They are to presidential politics what Bartels and James are to wine," observed *Times*man Steven Holmes this fall of Clinton and Gore, continuing helpfully, "Ben and Jerry are to ice cream, and Click and Clack, the Tappet brothers, are to silly but sage advice about cars. . . ."

Not many moons ago, this sort of literary journalism, traditionally the province of magazine writers, would have given a true daily newsman the willies. If the dailies had to have it—and by the late sixties the market seemed to dictate that they did—it tended to be relegated to the opinion or style pages, a ghetto *Post* news editors used to call, derisively, "downstairs." Not that there weren't a few front-page freewheelers; Nicholas von Hoffman's roiling *Post* coverage of the civil rights movement, for instance, was a profile in editorial courage. But when the average newsman dared insert opinion into A-section copy, a "News Analysis" warning label was slapped on for protection.

But that was back when a reader needed his newspaper to tell him what had happened. Today, by the time the morning paper hits the doorstep it's already primed for the scrap heap of history, most of its contents having been broadcast on TV at 5, 6, and 11 the night before. With television cornering the this-just-in market, the obvious remaining niche is that of analysis—a niche happily confluent with a new breed of journalist, broadly educated and plump with literary pretense. In the realm of political reporting, the product of this coupling began appearing, in jarring spasms, during the '84 and '88 campaigns. Jules Witcover probably wouldn't have thought to compare Jesse Jackson to Woody Allen's omnipresent Zelig; the *Times*' Alessandra Stanley did, brilliantly, and Jackson still hasn't lived it down. Dowd analyzed Bush and Dukakis' music and movie tastes, found both candidates sentimental captives of the fifties, and produced one of the most talked-about profiles of the campaign. The popularity of those early efforts wasn't lost on the powers that be: This election, attitude and metaphors are nearly as common in the newsrooms of major dailies as carpal tunnel syndrome.

The *Times* they are a-changin'

Of course, the hazards of such high-wire writing are obvious, especially in the hands of lesser talents. Let's take this moment to declare a moratorium on the deer-caught-in-headlights simile, used so far this year to describe Bush on the hustings (William Safire), Moldavian officials meeting James Baker (Thomas Friedman), and Dan Quayle (David Broder, Von Drehle). And then there's the occasional metaphor that cries for a whirl in a Waring blender, like Michael Specter's stunning effort in an article on spin control in the New Hampshire primary: "This year spin has reached new heights, or torque intensity, as dozens of campaign aides bounce from reporter to reporter like pinballs laced with the antidote to truth serum."

And, inevitably, there's plain old tortured prose. Perhaps this Dowd/Friedman passage on Baker's return to the Bush campaign should have come with complimentary Dramamine: "In this year when politics trembles with rage and dislocation, when the campaign trail has become the wild earth, when voters are fed up with the old boys' clubs and Washington insiders and excessive attention to foreign policy, it is likely to be rough weather for the patrician pals who have relished their years striding the world stage."

Yet the occasional offense against literary sensibility shouldn't obscure what's wonderful about the new style—qualities best illustrated by the woman who sparked the trend. While less adventurous reporters fawn over their powerful subjects or keep all doors open with leaden he-said/she-said reportage, Dowd's writing demonstrates true guts. Her portrait of, say, Richard Darman's slimy yet effective politicking skills—flattering up, waging psychological warfare with competitors, carefully creating the illusion of workaholism—isn't going to incline him to return her calls faster. But it does a swell job of showing us how a master negotiates the shoals of Beltway politics. And her eye for the revealing detail is tough to match. In one recent Dowdscene, Bush, campaigning in Texas, mars his pork-rind image with a prep-school tendency to say "whoopsie daisy" and "by golly"—a Dowd paragraph that gives us a better feel for our geeky commander-in-chief than a dozen lesser profiles.

While it's perennially popular to diminish the importance of character in politics—syndicated columns mocking voters for exaggerating its relevance were a staple of the primary season—history suggests that personality matters a lot, whether it's Nixon's paranoia (hence dirty tricks in a campaign he had a lock on) or Jimmy Carter's distaste for confrontation (hence his occasionally poor decisionmaking) or Reagan's sunny detachment (hence today's economic miasma). And students of the failed 1990 budget talks would do well to consider Dowd's reporting on the subject, which convincingly described how Sununu's arrogance turned congressional leaders against him, turning budget negotiations into a morass.

In terms of sheer political perceptiveness, few time-glotted magazine writers can accomplish what

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Dowd does, routinely, in a few days of observing and reporting. Yet character is only a piece of what a voter needs to know about a politician before he yanks that lever. Parse the ad lib to pieces, analyze the gesture for weeks, and you may still not get very close to what a politician will do while in office. Bush's character cues, for instance, aren't so very different from those of Franklin Roosevelt, another patrician who used cornball props—serving hotdogs to the Queen of England, for one— in an attempt to come off as a regular guy. Measured on program substance, there aren't two presidents less alike in this century.

This is where Dowd's style begins to grate. By the end of the Darman piece, we know that Bush's favored aide is a conniver with an appetite for Chicken McNuggets. Yet we aren't afforded a clue about what Darman actually *does*—that is, how he runs the Office of Management and Budget, his job for the last three years. This, after all, is the man who advocated Bush's infamous tax increase, who is the theoretical watchdog of spending in every federal agency, who helped bring America a $341 billion deficit. How'd he pull it off? You're going to have to collar him at McDonald's and ask him yourself.

By the end of Maureen Dowd's profile of Darman, we know that Bush's favored aide is a conniver with an appetite for Chicken McNuggets.

Yet we aren't afforded a clue about what Darman actually *does*—that is, how he runs the Office of Management and Budget, his job for the last three years.

Similarly, when the writer executes a lengthy campaign profile of Tsongas two days before New Hampshire, we learn all about a "Saturday Night Live" invitation, the effort to get him to sit up straight for debates, and his uncanny resemblance to a beagle. But there's just one substance-related sentence in the piece, on his controversial support for nuclear power. And this reference is made only to set up an anecdote in which he gets angry at a collegiate questioner.

Of course, you can't expect one writer to be a master of all trades. And even the crabbiest editor would balk before inflicting upon such a good stylist only subjects drier than a rash. But because Dowd is so good at limning character, and because her forum at the *Times* is so formidable, a generation of bright young writers is now imitating her—the flaws as well as the flourishes. Substantive political and policy pieces desperately need talented writers to make them come alive for the reader. Unfortunately, the more talented writers are desperately chasing after character and style. In piece after piece, this substance gap begins to look like more than an innocent sin of omission. One begins to sense a political nihilism undergirding the carefully chosen words.

While not every literary fillip from the Dowd Crowd is revealing, many of them are reducing. Von Drehle compares Ross Perot's appearance to Elmer Fudd's, and Bush's to that of an "oddly unfashionable" commercial air line pilot; Clinton and Gore are, as Dowd and Frank Rich have it, the "Double Bubba ticket" and "political Doublemint Twins." Reducing politicians—who calls them public servants with a straight face anymore? —to cartoons is as much a marker of Dowdstyle as the literary reference, only it's more troubling. It's fine to leave the fulsome profile to *People*, but there's often a conspicuous lack of empathy and generosity in the new writers' character deconstruction— and sometimes an unmistakable lack of interest in providing meaningful insight. Do we get any closer to the essential Tsongas when Dowd draws him as a turtle "look[ing] around him with a slow, blinking bemusement at the vagaries of fate"? Is the picture of a campaigning Bush "plucking at his chest as though he could pull his soul out of a buttoned-down shirt" really telling, or is it a well-turned cheap shot? And more important, does it help us find out what we really need to know about the candidate before November 3: How will the damn fool lead?

Yet among Dowd and disciples, the character-painting continually shoulders out meaningful questions about what the pretenders to the Oval Office have in mind. Once Dowd allows us to know that Kerrey has "large blue eyes and a light-bulb shaped head that give him the look of a bemused extraterrestrial," can we really take seriously the mechanics of

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his health-care proposal? Of course, in her preprimary profile of Kerrey, the health-care issue—his campaign centerpiece—never comes up. And why would it? In Dowd's character-centered conception, issues don't merit too much concern. They're largely props in "meticulous Kabuki dramas in which the candidates enact the themes they want to sell to voters in November."

Caricature assassination

Coursing through stories of this sort is a fundamental doubt about the beneficial possibilities of the democratic process. *It's so phony*, says the subtext, *that I'm not going to try to wring out any meaning. Instead, I'm going to amuse you.* That seemed to be the approach the *Times*' Elizabeth Kolbert embraced in covering a series of nasty Clinton-Tsongas exchanges in Florida in March. Characterizing the candidates' sparring as "a private spat being carried out in public," she wrote: "After listening to the two men harp at each other for a few days running, one cannot help feeling somehow implicated in their dispute. Perhaps, one wonders, it is time to find them professional counseling."

Kolbert's metaphor is as revealing as it is patronizing. Locking in on the posturing, she actually seems to believe that what they're arguing about—which happened to be the taxation of entitlements for the affluent as a means of cutting the deficit—is as private a matter as a marriage dispute. In this conception, and it's not just Kolbert's, politics is not about affixing an imprint on a country or the world. It's a wholly self-serving, inner-directed enterprise.

How did these good political writers get so jaded about their subject? *Times* reporter John Tierney's winter review of a Pat Buchanan TV ad mocking Bush's no-new-taxes pledge offers, between the lines, a fair clue.

> But then at some point, maybe around the 50th showing, for some viewers the sound bite begins to acquire a surreal fascination, as if it is disclosing something deep inside Mr. Bush. As he jabs his finger into the air and screeches the words again and again, with each commercial he begins to seem more and more desperate, more and more absurd. For these dedicated television viewers, it has been difficult to take the president seriously ever since.

I'd wager that Tierney isn't just speaking of "dedicated television viewers." He's giving us a glimpse into what it's like to trail the campaign as a member of the press. To these bored and overexposed insiders, *everybody* eventually begins to seem absurd, predictable, incapable of sincerity, inspiration, or meaning—undeserving of being "taken seriously." A game it is, then. Whoever pens the most metaphors wins.

What's so dreadful about that? Well, there's the tiresome matter of the people—what Dowd calls "the Joe Sixpack constituency." Sure, it's useful to them to know that politicians' proposals for tax relief or health care or education always involve a healthy dose of calculation, absurdity, and melodrama. But—should we even have to say it?—when one of those politicians (however ridiculous) is elected, his proposals (however cynical) may have a real effect on their lives. Joe Sixpack knows this, and duller stories in the dailies outline it clearly: Polls and focus groups show that voters are very worried about the economy, the quality of public schools, and the cost of health care—and they're frustrated by the apparent inability of politicians to get serious about those issues. Yet even when explaining the national disgust with glib politicking, the popular yearning for discussion of real issues, Dowd can't resist singsonging: "They say they want leaders with candor, not leaders who pander."

Dowd and her disciples capture so many truths about political character and Washington ways—subjects that matter more than we usually acknowledge—that their indifference to the bigger picture may seem a forgivable flaw. There's a lot of room in the dailies, and someone else eventually gets around to doing the serious stuff. But as newspapers call for more Maureens to spice up their Washington copy, it's worth remembering that respect for the possibilities of government—and the people that government affects—isn't incidental to political journalism. It's the engine of meaningful work.

It's easy for Dowd to draw Tsongas as Howard Beal, "the mad prophet of the airwaves" in *Network*—"I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it anymore!" It's harder to analyze what the hell Tsongas, or any other candidate, is mad about; to take apart the deficit-reduction proposals, expose the chimera of the health care tax credit, and so on. What makes that effort worthwhile is a sense that the public is capable of understanding, that the issues do matter, that the system can be redeemed.

Consider, say, Connie Bruck's business reporting for *The New Yorker*, in which one can almost feel the beliefs bracing the surface. Bruck's eye for the markers of class, character, and the vagaries of organizational culture are remarkably acute, and her reporting is patient and thorough: qualities that imbue her dissections of complicated Wall Street scandals or the Time-Warner takeover with accessible drama. Yet however icily she draws the Nicholas J. Nicholases and Ivan Boeskys, the heat of her ideals—chief

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among them that the wisest notion of "good business" is one that factors in the public good—radiates.

Stock manipulation is probably trickier to explain than politicians' manipulations of the health care issue; pre-Bruck, I couldn't understand a whit of it. Yet her work exudes faith that, if the writing is vivid and the story compelling, her readers will take it in. Still, Bruck at her best is corporate autopsy. Even better is journalism that finds the scandal *before* the public bears its costs, the pork before it's barreled, and uses good writing to make the urgency of the situation irresistible. Set the Dowd Crowd loose on the looming commercial banking crisis, and there may never be one.

Reporters will probably protest that such ambitious journalism wouldn't work in a time-strapped daily; then again, a decade ago one might have said the Dowdstyle wouldn't work there, either. Today, the writing, the character-consciousness, and the brazenness are present in spades. What seems to be missing is faith. Absent it, some daily stylists don't just get bored silly with their jobs. By shunning the questions that matter most, they also promote the posturing and superficiality they purport to despise. For instance, while dozens of reporters from the major dailies were stalking Bush and Clinton, sketching the twitching mouths and narrowing eyes, all missed one of the campaign's more significant sleights-of-hand: Bush's repeated references to Clinton's 128 tax increases in his 11 years as governor of Arkansas, compared to Bush's one in four. The truth, syndicated columnist Michael Kinsley eventually explained in his own acid style, was that if you used Bush's own overinclusive definition of a tax increase—a definition that included such items as a $1 court-cost fee on convicted criminals—the president had raised taxes 133 times. "[R]eturning to the would-be Bush theme of 'trust,'" concluded Kinsley, "I think I prefer Reagan's old mantra about negotiating arms control with the Soviets: 'Trust, but verify.'"

Obviously, good writing doesn't have to preclude tough thinking about the important things—taxes, health care, welfare policy, abortion—that politics, despite its clunky machinations, is really about. In fact, the possibilities of the good-writing/tough-thinking combination are pretty amazing. Imagine, America's brightest, bravest political writers aggressively deconstructing candidates' histories and white papers, turning GAO reports into thrillers, exposing deception and chicanery at OMB, all with a sense of drama informed by the film version of *The Last of the Mohicans*. Unfortunately, as this campaign draws to a close, imagination may have to do. The smart, cynical Dowd Crowd has been busy elsewhere. And Hillary's headband never stood a chance. □

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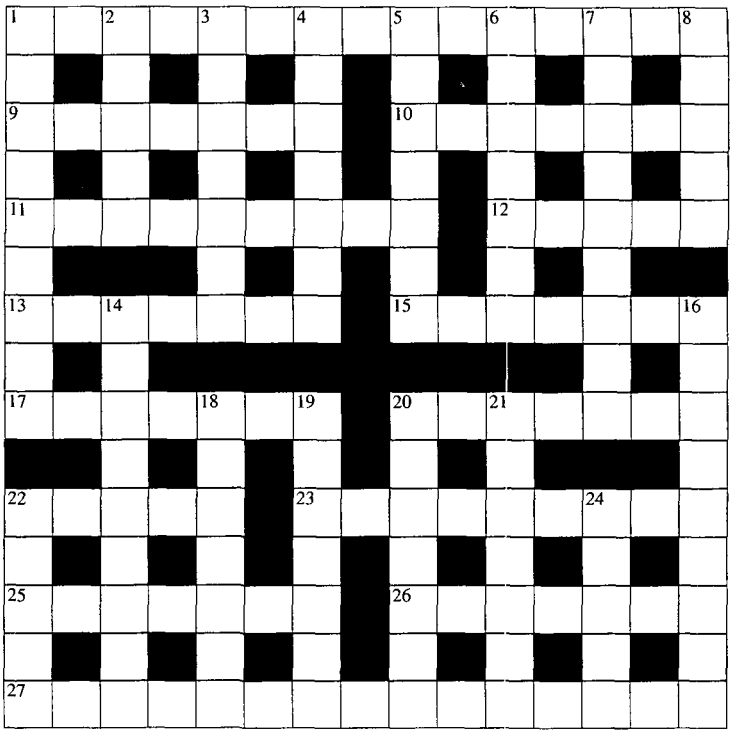
POLITICAL PUZZLE

by John Barclay

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e.g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e.g. USA, are treated as one word.



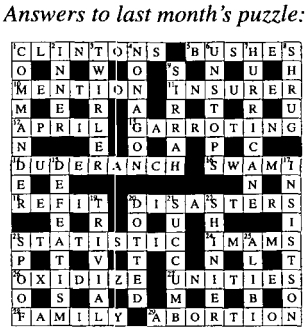
ACROSS

1. Contending group played carp trait comedy. (10, 5)
9. Type CIA list carelessly. (7)
10. Current version of Hamlet includes last of Lear. (7)
11. Granting license makes tin tingle. (9)
12. Harvard and Yale, for example, caught in Henry VI escape. (5)
13. Excursions planned, so gun it! (7)
15. Transform dress style in part of movie. (7)
17. Right from including Westbound Scotch river. (7)
20. Time ran running around a tower. (7)
22. Little road gang returning for trials. (5)
23. Convention figure ran motion unconventionally. (9)
25. Novel international organization throws luaus. (7)
26. Early in Malta reformation. (7)
27. Contending group confused pun by trail pacer. (10, 5)

DOWN

1. Repulsed sort of friend with varsity leader. (6, 3)
2. Intended article about New York athlete? Just the opposite. (5)
3. Study about waste for governor. (7)
4. Goes after like leaves? (7)
5. Figure made it green. (7)
6. Umpire mixed up about mascot's first prize. (7)
7. Tickler about a mathematic concept. (9)
8. Record in affirmative for cries. (5)
14. Pert mutes dancing around ecologic concern. (4, 5)
16. Strictly a supporter of the metric system for liquids? (9)
18. Move bus dirt erratically. (7)
19. Extension in a contraction for actress. (7)
20. Massachusetts scholar missing in action—wow! (4, 3)
21. Take nothing from pontoons, they can make a good flight. (6)
22. Straighter Teddy takes in Paris address. (5)
24. Special radio part in making Bishop Tutu nervous. (5)

Answers to last month's puzzle:



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Plains Talk

What Jimmy Carter's first bid for public office tells us about politics today

by James Fallows

Here's a surprise. Of course a book by Jimmy Carter* would be serious and high-minded. But this book is also well-written, sometimes funny, intelligent without being preachy, and canny about practical politics in a way that Carter himself, as president, rarely seemed to be. *Turning Point* is a short book compared to the tomes Carter has produced about his years in office, but it is the best thing he has ever written. I can imagine it being read years from now for what it shows about American life at a certain place and time. It is a shame that Carter could not have written such a book 20 years ago, when it could have affected our view of him as a politician. But it probably would have been impossible for him to do so even if he had tried, since the success of this book depends on a sense of historic and personal distance that Carter could not have developed until now.

The idea behind *Turning Point* may not sound promising. It concerns a several-month period in the fall of 1962, in which Carter decided to run for the Georgia State Senate. He encountered unusual obstacles (which make up most of the book's narrative), squeaked by them, and eventually won. Carter uses this race mainly as a vehicle for discussing two much larger historical trends. One was the transformation of state politics, especially Southern politics, after the U.S. Supreme Court issued its famous "one man, one vote" ruling, in the *Baker* v. *Carr* case in 1962. The other was the challenge to localized political tyranny and oppression—again, especially in the South—that began in the sixties. This challenge involved the "one man" ruling but included many other forces, most notably the civil rights movement later in the decade. In

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**Turning Point: A Candidate, A State, and a Nation Come of Age.* Jimmy Carter. *Times, $21.50.*

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discussing these subjects, Carter has not produced a "policy" book in the conventional sense. He does not offer six-point action plans or detailed proposals for reform. But simply by describing vividly how things were in America's recent past, the book alters our sense of today's politics. Some achievements that we now take for granted—that American citizens are allowed to vote if they register and show up on election day—seem more impressive in light of Carter's tale. Other problems seem more intractable and depressing, since the book shows how long we have tried to cope with them.

Farewell to farms

In the first few chapters, Carter carefully and effectively explains how the pre-*Baker* v. *Carr* political universe worked. Starting in the late 19th century, as the Reconstruction era came to an end, the states of the old Confederacy developed various schemes to wrest power from freed blacks and return it to a conservative, white, rurally-based elite. Jim Crow laws, which denied blacks social and legal rights, were a major part of this process. A gerrymandered political system, which minimized the power of all urban voters, was also crucial.

In Georgia, this approach took the form of the "county unit" system. From the late 1800s until 1962, Georgia legislators and executive officials were elected under a system that gave each of the state's counties roughly equal voting power, with little regard to population size. (Technically, the largest handful of counties had six "unit votes" each; a group of middle-sized counties had four unit votes each; and more than a hundred tiny counties could cast two unit votes each.) A vote in populous Fulton County—of which Atlanta is a part—had about one-fourth as much weight as an average vote in the state as a whole. It was as if the U.S. electoral college gave California six votes—and Wyoming, Delaware, Alaska, and Idaho two votes each, so that together they could outweigh California.

This system was skewed against the working class in general—rural politics was usually dominated by local business interests—and against blacks in particular, since it was impossible for them to vote in much of the hinterland. The natural result was to push Southern politics in a more racist and conservative direction than would otherwise have been the case. As late as 1958, a candidate could run successfully for governor of Georgia on the slogan, "No, Not One!" This referred to the number of black children who would be allowed into public schools or universities alongside whites. (As Carter points out, however, this same governor, Ernest Vandiver, complied when federal courts finally ordered the University of Georgia to admit two black students. Governors George Wallace in Alabama and Ross Barnett in Mississippi met similar orders with calls for "massive resistance.")

It now seems obvious and commonplace that governments should run on the "one man, one vote" principle, but Carter shows how revolutionary the concept was for the Georgia of 30 years ago. The *Baker* v. *Carr* ruling came down in March of 1962. It ordered states to reapportion their legislatures and revise their voting systems before the elections that same fall—that is, with lightning speed, by normal political standards. (Reapportioning the U.S. Congress, after each decennial census, takes more than a year.)

The Georgia state government, like many others, proposed a number of stalling ploys, fake reapportionment plans, and other ways to avoid the shift in political power that the "one man" ruling was designed to cause. "The beneficiaries of the [old] system were the ones now charged with the responsibility of changing it," Carter says. "At the same time, they would be reducing drastically the relative voting strength of their own constituents. It was understandable that governors and legislators would do everything possible to circumvent or postpone the effect of the court's mandate." But federal judges rejected the bogus plans, one after another, and by late summer the state's politics was thrown wide open. Incumbent politicians suddenly were without districts; new seats were opened up. In these circumstances, a few weeks before the election, Carter decided to run.

Half a dozen years earlier, Carter had returned to his family's farm in Georgia, from his career in the Navy. One of the real achievements of this book is to make Carter plausible as a farmer—really, a peanut-business operator—in a way he has never been before. The autobiography he produced when planning to run for the presidency, *Why Not the Best?*, talked extensively about his rural childhood and his peanut-growing days in Plains. But because it was so obviously a campaign document designed to promote his honest, Lincolnesque virtues when the smell of Nixon lingered in the air, the book left me feeling suspicious. It was impossible to know whether Carter was poor-boying it for effect, like Al Gore now talking about his "rural" youth or Dan Quayle about his hard-knocks training in the public schools.

In this new book, Carter refers to his farm life in an off-hand and basically believable way, as part of his explanation of the pros and cons of running for office. For instance, he says that the final reapportionment decision came at an awkward time for him.

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He had to decide, in early September, whether he would make the run. But:

> During this harvest period we worked around the clock, buying and processing peanuts and ginning cotton. When they weren't in school, our three boys worked long hours with Rosalynn and me. For days at a time, we ate all our meals at the warehouse, and only went home for a brief shower every day or so. It was an incredibly busy season, during which we earned most of our annual income. . . . There was little time left for starting a new political career, and I was afraid that even to broach such a subject during that season might have precipitated a well-justified family revolution.

Nonetheless, Carter went ahead. He emphasizes in this book something muted in his earlier renditions of his life: that he came from a politically-active lineage and turned more or less naturally to politics. His father had served in the state legislature, and after he died Carter's mother, "Miss Lillian," was the party's choice to succeed him. (She declined.) In leaving the relatively cosmopolitan life of the Navy to return to southwest Georgia, Carter seemed always to have politics in mind. Before 1962, he had already become involved in school boards, with civic organizations, and—significantly—in resisting the White Citizens Council, which in turn was resisting integration. With the state senate thrown into turmoil he saw a bigger chance.

Most of the book is a narrative about what happened to Carter when he ran. It is, in a sense, a detective story with a climactic courtroom-showdown scene, so I won't give its crucial points away. It turns on the ability of one local tyrant, a political boss named Joe Hurst, to bend the rules of politics his way.

The district Carter ran in was the kind of rural fiefdom common at the time but rare today. Half its citizens received welfare payments. Joe Hurst delivered the welfare checks personally, to reinforce the sense of personal fealty to him. In return, he expected complete political obedience. In particular, he expected his dependents to vote according to his order—and to keep on voting, even after they had died or moved away. (The book contains intricate details on how the "graveyard voting" system worked back then.)

Carter, unsurprisingly enough, was not the boss's favorite for the election. The boss supported a man named Homer Moore, who had, in a sense, already been elected to the seat. Before the "one man" ruling, one state senator had represented three tiny, depopulated counties near Carter's home. They had worked out a rotation system in which the counties took turns naming the district's senator. Early in 1962, before it was clear that the reapportionment ruling would

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stick, Homer Moore had won a turn in the Senate under this scheme. After reapportionment, his county was combined with Sumter County, where Carter lived.

Moore appealed to voters with newspaper advertisements that now seem heartbreakingly quaint, telling them that he had been elected "fair and square" and deserved the seat. "If you believe in fair play, give Mr. Homer Moore the courtesy of serving the term he has already won," his ads said. Carter's ads sound like the man we came to know in the late seventies: "My opponent, to get your sympathy, is insinuating to the voters . . . that he has already been elected as your Senator and that it is unfair for anyone from Sumter County to run against him. This is not true."

Homer Moore and his patron, Joe Hurst, did not bank solely on the electorate's courtesy. They went in for flagrant, large-scale fraud on election day—and won. Carter fought back with clever legal and political ploys, but the outcome remained uncertain until the following January, when Georgia's first "one man" Senate convened. After many hair's-breadth escapes, Carter was sworn in as a freshman senator.

Georgia on his mind

Why did Carter bother to write about this now, and why should anyone bother to read it? He says he wrote about the episode because of its explicit political lessons, concerning reapportionment, equal representation, and voter fraud. But the most enjoyable parts of the book are the indirect glimpses and casual descriptions it offers of a way of life that has vanished in a few decades' time.

Carter has shown signs of this descriptive gift before. In the most memorable part of *Why Not the Best?*, he recalled listening to the second Joe Louis-Max Schmeling fight when he was a boy. The Rural Electrification Administration had not yet wired Carter's part of Georgia, so the family attached the radio to the car battery and listened from the porch. A group of local black people also stood outside and listened to the blow-by-blow account. After Louis knocked out Schmeling, whom Hitler embraced as a symbol of Aryan superiority, the blacks walked off quietly—and then, from the distance, the young Carter heard cheers and whoops go up.

This scene has no match in *Turning Point*, but countless little vignettes evoke an isolated life that has not survived the coming of TV networks, airplane travel, and a more homogenized national culture. In introducing the characters in his drama, Carter is always pointing out that one of them is the uncle of another, or that someone else was in cahoots with a neighbor's third cousin:

> It is sometimes difficult for non-Southerners to understand how stable the population of rural communities had been since European settlers first moved into the areas five or six generations earlier. Most of our family members were direct descendants of these pioneers, mostly from England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the intermarriages and blood kinships in the neighboring towns were extensive and intricate. Rosalynn was one of the few such female residents in Plains who was not related to me, at least within the last 120 years or so. Later, when Sam Nunn was elected to the U.S. Senate during my term as governor, *The Atlanta Journal* ran a front page article describing how his grandfather and my grandmother were first cousins.

Although never known as a humorist, Carter has a wry tone in much of the book. For instance, he describes the power of the Democratic party in the days before the Republicans' "Southern Strategy" peeled white voters away: "Since there was no viable Republican party except for a small coterie of political opportunists who distributed national patronage when a member of their party was in the White House, a Democratic nomination for office was tantamount to election. The word 'tantamount' was in fact in the vocabularies of even illiterate adults and small children."

At the end of his book, when it is time to spell out the political messages, Carter's points are subtler than those we associate with his time in office—and truer than much of what we hear from the usual political "experts."

One of the messages concerns familiar and unloved institutions. Lawsuits, intrusive federal judges, detailed regulations from Washington that affect how things work in your home town—by the nineties all of these things have come to seem like headaches. Readers of this magazine are familiar with examples of lawyers and regulators run wild. But Carter reminds us, in vivid detail, of the times and circumstances when outside "interference" was a godsend. If it had not been for an intrusive Supreme Court, citizens would not have had an equal right to vote. If it had not been for persistent and brave lawyers, bosses like Joe Hurst would have continued to get away with stuffing ballot boxes and sending the graveyard in to vote. There are local imbalances of power in today's America—in company towns and mining communities, in organizations that refuse to give minorities a chance—and outside "interference" remains the underdog's only hope.

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At the same time, Carter is aware of the complications of reform. For his own political career, it was an unalloyed blessing when Joe Hurst's political machine was broken up. As a born reformer, Carter naturally feels that the end of "boss" politics has been a step toward better government. But he also says something insightful about the cost of this kind of progress. Even though Joe Hurst was a crook, "there is little doubt . . . that Joe Hurst and his wife Mary, knew every black and white citizen in Quitman County. . . . Whatever criticism his fellow citizens might level at him, they all acknowledge that 'Joe took care of his people.' " Now that the Hursts of the political world are gone:

> State officials are no longer as willing to concentrate government services like roads, schools, and job opportunities in the small counties. More important, the end of county bossism has resulted in a more impersonal and less caring relationship between local officials and their constituents. In the old days, everyone knew where to go with a problem, and the local boss had direct access to state officials, who had to be sensitive to his requests in order to get the unit votes he could deliver. Now, it is more difficult to understand the political chain of command or to follow it to a favorable decision.

Carter sounds atypically soft-headed about the bosses' ability to "concentrate government services" in small counties—that is, pure porkbarreling of the sort that Senator Robert Byrd has recently demonstrated by forcing federal agencies to move to West Virginia. But Carter is obviously talking about something real when he says that depersonalized, modern, bureaucratized government can be less responsive than old-style bossism.

Carter offers a similarly mixed and realistic perspective on race relations in general. In some ways, the America of 1992 is light-years ahead of the America in which Carter first ran for the Senate. (Thirty years ago when a black voter tried to register in Carter's home town, the registrar drove him away with a gun.) In other, obvious ways, race remains America's central problem. For instance, he says that "When I first ran for the Georgia Senate, there were many black families who owned their own farms and the implements needed to produce a crop." Now, as farm ownership has become more concentrated and corporatized, independent black farmers have virtually disappeared. "We did not realize at the time that the very act of solving one set of problems does not end all difficulties but rather changes their shape."

This summary of Carter's message may sound discouraging, because he obviously does not have prescriptions for all the racial and governmental problems he can diagnose. But at times when we're all short of answers, what is left is living one's life decently. With this book, as with everything else he's done since leaving office, Carter sets an example of a life lived well. □

Wild Pitch

George Will strikes out against term limits

by Eleanor Clift

No one brings more zeal to a cause than a recent convert. George Will, once a foe of term limits, is now firmly on board the bandwagon. In his new book*, Will conjures up so many arguments for curbing congressional terms, the reader wonders how he justifies ever having been on the other side. A former professor of political philosophy, Will presents his case for term limits with the same scholarly patina that coats his journalism. There are the predictable pages detailing the Framers' original intent and the true meaning of republicanism. But that's the fancy window dressing.

The author of *Men at Work*, a best-selling book on baseball, Will seems to have been born again at the ballpark. As a board member of the Baltimore Orioles, he oversaw a "throw the bums out" campaign that made the 1989 Orioles major league baseball's youngest team—and the one with the smallest pay-

Eleanor Clift is the congressional and political reporter in Newsweek*'s Washington bureau.*

Restoration: Congress, Term Limits, and the Recovery of Deliberative Democracy. George F. Will. *Free Press, $19.95.*

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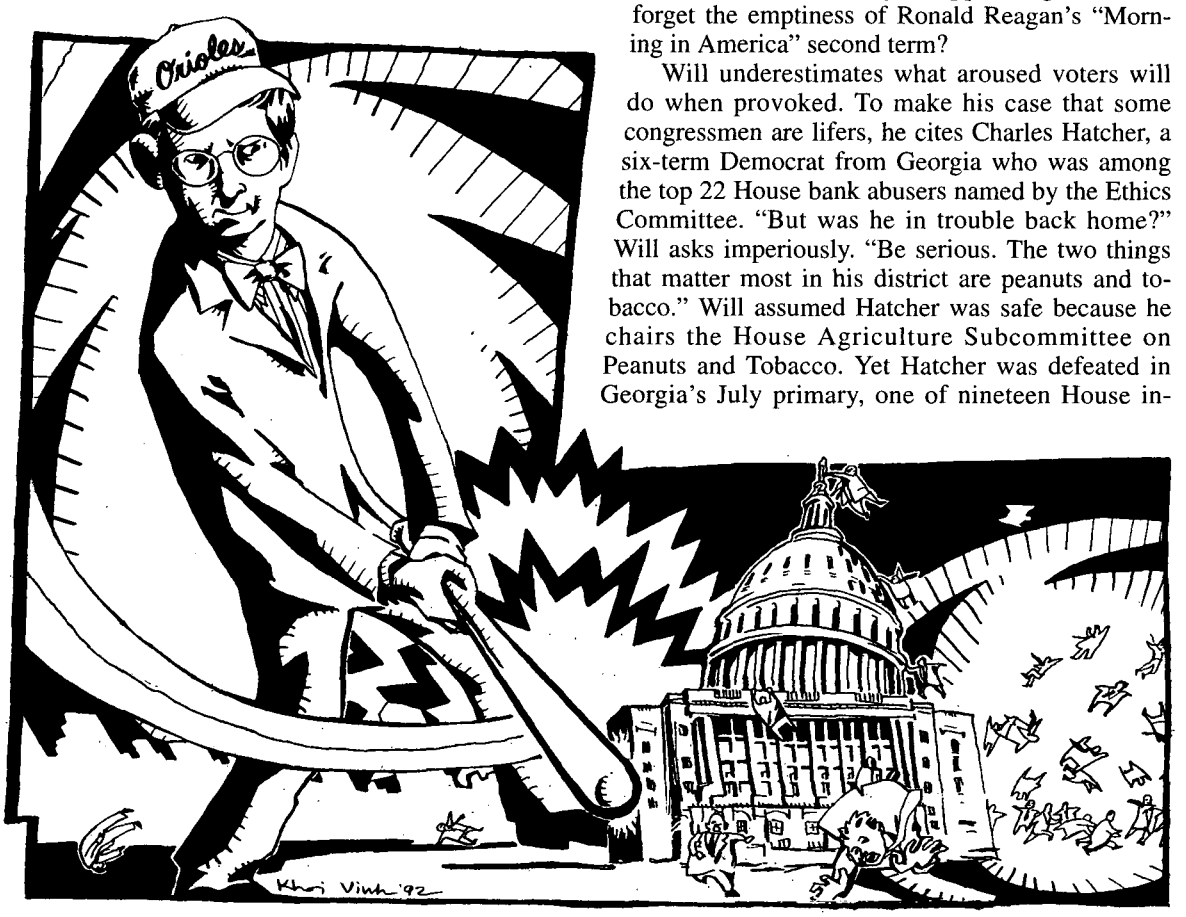
roll. Yet they came within a few pitches of winning the American League East. Their predecessors, the 1988 Orioles, lost their first 21 games, a record, and went on to lose a total of 107 for the season. "They were somewhat like today's Congress—expensive and incompetent," Will recalls, and "the Orioles' management had a thought: Hey, we can lose 107 games with inexpensive rookies."

Applying the same principle to Congress could produce a winning season. But it could just as easily encourage the election of "Bob Roberts" clones—millionaire fascist yuppies who can afford a sabbatical in Washington. Will does not match his enthusiasm for term limits with a rigorous examination of opposing arguments or with a comparison of alternative remedies (like campaign finance reform). Instead of intellectual fiber, there is loftier-than-thou prose.

Will paints an unrelievedly negative portrait of public service. The opening chapters are a reprise of recent congressional scandals, an outpouring from the Nexis database. Election to Congress is "tantamount to being dispatched to Washington on a looting raid for the enrichment of your state or district, and no other ethic need inhibit the feeding frenzy," Will writes. He blames the "dangerous careerism" of today's lawmakers for Congress' collective failure of nerve. Will captures the dynamic of Capitol Hill protectionism. And he concludes that the cure for Congress' "hyper-responsiveness" to a selfish and demanding electorate is term limits. But it is a big leap to argue that a revolving door of rookie legislators would cause Congress to spurn parochial pressures and do what's best for the country. Indeed, short-termers might be more beholden to special interests, either out of naiveté or concern for their future employment.

Even the most principled senators elbow their way to the federal trough to get goodies for their constituents. Will's argument, simply, is that they would do it less if they were limited to two terms. "In six of their twelve years, they might think of something—the national interest, perhaps—other than buying votes with the voters' money." This theory is not new. One of the arguments for reelecting George Bush is that he would be free of electoral pressure and could make tough decisions. Lame-duck behavior, however, is usually disappointing. Who can forget the emptiness of Ronald Reagan's "Morning in America" second term?

Will underestimates what aroused voters will do when provoked. To make his case that some congressmen are lifers, he cites Charles Hatcher, a six-term Democrat from Georgia who was among the top 22 House bank abusers named by the Ethics Committee. "But was he in trouble back home?" Will asks imperiously. "Be serious. The two things that matter most in his district are peanuts and tobacco." Will assumed Hatcher was safe because he chairs the House Agriculture Subcommittee on Peanuts and Tobacco. Yet Hatcher was defeated in Georgia's July primary, one of nineteen House in-



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cumbents dumped by voters in this year's primaries. Other supposed untouchables who were dealt surprise losses after Will's deadline included Rep. Guy Vander Jagt, a 20-year veteran who headed the GOP's congressional reelection committee, and Rep. Mickey Edwards, a member of the House GOP leadership. Will touts term limits as a "surgical remedy" for congressional tenure, but voter wrath is effective and more democratic. Through a combination of defeats, retirements, and reapportionment, a third of House members will be new in January.

Much of what Will says has appeal no matter what your party and ideology. Everyone agrees that Congress is beholden to special interests and that big money drives the process. Wool subsidies granted during World War II to spur the production of uniforms continue today even though soldiers wear synthetics. A handful of legislators from wool-producing states keep the subsidies alive just as farm-state congressmen protect the honey subsidy, another wartime grant. No wonder cynicism has replaced a sense of civic responsibility among voters. All this and more has been said by lesser lights. What Will brings to the term limits argument is a measure of intellectual detachment. Unlike most of his conservative friends, Will says he is not a "scorched-earth, pillage-and-burn" type who spends his weekends fuming about the evils of the Democrat Congress. "That is not my type of conservatism," he writes. "Patriotism properly understood simply is not compatible with contempt for the institutions that put American democracy on display." Early in his career, Will spent three years working as an aide to Senator Henry "Scoop" Jackson, where he acquired "a lasting love of the Congress." Will's tone is more sorrowful than angry. He begins his book with the cry, "Long live Congress!" shouted by American officers during the successful British siege of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1779.

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George vs. George

Will's most creative argument for term limits spins off his disdain for President Bush. He calls Bush a "stammering cipher" whose ineffectual handling of domestic problems dramatizes the danger of excessive reliance on one man for leadership. Only a vigorous Congress, he argues, can fill the space opened up by a vacuous presidency. Will is less clear about how a collection of citizen legislators would actually assume national leadership. He resorts to the dubious theory that spreading power around is better than the public "putting all its eggs in one basket."

Will believes the end of the Cold War should free the country (and the media) from its obsession with the presidency. "Bush is the most narrow-gauge president in living memory, and even his narrow interest and supposed competence is ill-suited to his moment on center stage. He prepared thoroughly for most of his adult life to play the role of conductor of the West's side of the Cold War. Then he found that conception of the presidency suddenly anachronistic. . . . When not dealing with foreign policy—when trying to look interested in the domestic questions that are of most interest to most Americans—Bush was a blank."

Nobody is better at Bush-bashing than Will, and his soliloquy on Bush and leadership is a high point of *Restoration*. He ridicules the media's expectation that Bush would have something uplifting to say after the Los Angeles riots in May. "What explains this strange turning toward a man who, in 67 previous years of life, had never shown noticeable interest in, or the slightest aptitude for, saying helpful things about the great questions of justice that should drive discussion of domestic policy?"

The timing of this book suggests that Will wants to capitalize on the citizen anger that has made 1992 the year of protest politics. Term-limit initiatives are on the ballot in 14 states, and many challengers have made attacks on incumbents' longevity their primary theme. Perhaps because of deadline pressure, *Restoration* is rambling and seems to have escaped a sharp editor's eye. There are passages, for instance, that read like vaudeville for conservatives: "The Rockies may crumble, Gibralter may tumble, they're only made of clay, but federal programs are here to stay." In a section that recaps the reasons several members of Congress resigned this year, Will gets sappy lamenting the departure of Ohio Rep. Dennis Eckart. "When one of the fastest-rising stars in Congress' firmament decides he would rather not try to twinkle any more, his decision is apt to be an index of that institution's stresses." Eckart will be missed, but it's a big Milky Way out there. □

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Eavesdroppings

From the Bay of Pigs to Iran-contra, the CIA has a sorry legacy. But we need it all the same

by Michael Wines

Imagine having at your disposal, to spend as you please, the rough equivalent of the book value of the General Motors Corporation. Imagine having sufficient pocket change to pay most of the nation's uninsured hospital bills. Or an annual income equal to the state budgets of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming—combined.

Give or take a few dollars, that's what the United States spends each year to spy on the affairs of the rest of the world and to convert this information into data the White House and the rest of the government can use. Thirty billion dollars is an astonishing amount of money, but surely, in an era when we and the Soviets pushed and shoved at the edge of history's abyss, it was worth it.

Wasn't it?

Most experts would say yes, but with the end of the Cold War, the hindsight view is coming into vogue. James Rusbridger epitomizes it. His lengthy essay* on the uses and abuses of espionage asserts that for four decades, the spy business has been little more than a huge pigeon drop perpetrated year after year by the military and internal security types on gullible politicians. Give us some earnest money, the spymasters say, and we'll return your investment fourfold in hot tips, international gossip, and enemy secrets. The rubes fork over the money every time, Rusbridger says, and every time, the spies and counter-spies hand back colossal bagsful of sawdust: Kim Philby, the Bay of Pigs, Geoffrey Prime, Iran-contra, John A. Walker—the list is sordid and almost endless.

In Rusbridger's world, most spies are bumblers who rarely discover much of importance to the national security and more often undermine it by supporting illegal and anti-democratic schemes, such as Ollie North's adventures in Nicaragua or domestic surveillance of political activists. Clear as this is, he says, we continue to be seduced by the lure of espionage as a romantic, mysterious quick fix for global problems.

Consider the case of Klaus Fuchs, a member of the British mission to the Manhattan Project, whose conviction as a Soviet spy later led to the indictment of Julius Rosenberg: "Fuchs and other atom spies are credited with allowing the Russians to build the atom bomb and later their nuclear bomb earlier than would have been the case," Rusbridger writes. "Even if this were true, and there is no good reason to believe that it is not, what difference did it really make? No nuclear weapon has been used since 1945, and no one seems particularly anxious to do so now—least of all the Russians." Likewise, he argues that the West has benefited little from the stream of Soviet spies who defected to its side in the past 40 years. "All that happens is that we grandly expel a few alleged spies" that the defectors identify, he writes. "Then we have the task of finding out which of their replacements are also spies, so the whole rigmarole begins again."

Rusbridger, described on the dust jacket as a commodities broker who "was involved in British intelligence operations as a result of his frequent visits to Eastern Europe," doesn't know much about American espionage, but that doesn't stop him from attacking it at length. He gets facts and figures wrong and makes statements about celebrated American spy cases that are plain silly. To cite just two of many examples, he says flatly that Vitaly Yurchenko, the Soviet spy who caused an international sensation when he re-defected to the Soviet Union in 1985, was a double agent sent to confound American intelligence.

Michael Wines is a reporter for The New York Times.

**The Intelligence Game.* James Rusbridger. *New Amsterdam, $24.95.*

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No expert I know believes that, and American spymasters have consistently and publicly rebutted it. He also casually charges the CIA at several points with conspiring to murder people—Lebanese Sheik Mohammed Fadlallah, for instance—when inquiries have clearly proven otherwise. Like a lot of knee-jerk critics of the CIA and other espionage agencies, Rusbridger is far too trusting of unverified stories and distressingly eager to believe the worst, even when the facts are plenty bad enough.

And yet, sift out the bias, discount the lousy fact-checking, and an undercurrent of truth still runs through this diatribe. I had difficulty fingering it until I scanned a mound of notes from old talks with American spies, ex-spies, and espionage bureaucrats. Unlike Rusbridger, none of them viewed the CIA and its brethren as inherently immoral or anti-democratic; nor did they share his conclusion that spies find out little that would interest anyone except other spies. To the contrary, most were utterly convinced that the Agency, by and large, is on the side of the angels and that good, aggressive espionage is as valuable now as during the height of the Cold War, maybe even more so.

But they and Rusbridger agree on one telling point: The espionage business has become so hidebound by 45 years of Soviet-watching, so cumbersome, and so entrenched in its own bureaucratic folkways that it tends to lose sight of what it's supposed to do, namely enhance the national security. Lately, even the spies sometimes seem hard put to define what "national security" is.

"We set up an intelligence apparatus in the forties for a specific purpose, to monitor a military and political challenge from the Soviet Union, a closed society," one veteran intelligence official told me two years ago. "It was a big demand; it required us to stretch, to innovate, to do things we hadn't been capable of doing, and to think in new ways. And we did it very well. We really succeeded. When we were planning to meet this challenge, our assumption was that it would come in the form of war. But it didn't; it came in the form of peace. And we are basically unprepared to deal with it."

Senior spymasters and their ilk vigorously deny that, noting that the CIA and other agencies are not just slimming down in the post-Cold War era, but redeploying their assets to big-picture problems such as nuclear proliferation and regional worries such as emerging struggles over water rights. To a certain extent, that is no doubt true. It was also true in the early eighties, when Bill Casey turned much of the CIA upside down, began building a corps of highly educated analysts and push-the-envelope undercover agents, and created special task forces for arcane issues like third world conflicts and technology theft. Yet a decade later, Iraq's assemblage of a vast network to illegally procure nuclear weapons appears to have struck the White House like an unexpected thunderbolt, and its invasion of Kuwait was a near total surprise. And Casey's legendary corps of case officers seems to have been largely absent from Baghdad because, as one top intelligence official lamely explained to me at the time, Iraq is one of the world's most restrictive police states. If only Switzerland had chosen to invade Kuwait, our intelligence surely would have been much better.

Casey's legendary corps of case officers seems to have been largely absent from Baghdad because, as one top intelligence official lamely explained to me at the time, Iraq is one of the world's most restrictive police states.

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As for the arcane third-world issues, they do not yet seem to be a path toward glory for ambitious young case officers. "Ask a station chief to penetrate Brazil's finance ministry and he'll look at you like you're crazy," one intelligence official told me. "He'll tell you economics is something for the commercial attache to do. It's slumming."

Sadly for Rusbridger's thesis, however, none of that is an argument for doing away with American or British intelligence. Any hard-thinking critic could come up with an equally long list of arguable successes, from the semi-covert war in Afghanistan to

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the verification of arms-control treaties to the exfiltration from Russia of an invaluable Soviet defector, Oleg Gordievski, even while he was effectively under house arrest. Indeed, the key flaw in Rusbridger's book is that it treats its long recitation of spies' public failures as incontestable evidence that espionage is a useless enterprise. That's the equivalent of the spymaster's argument that espionage is a resounding success, but that all the successes are classified and can't be told.

Intelligencia

The truth probably lies somewhere in the middle. So-called secret intelligence can be invaluable—we couldn't know the thickness or composition of Soviet tank armor without it. The bulk of espionage, however, is not the stuff of dark alleys, but plowing through stacks of data, photographs and interviews to glean a larger truth. The real failures in intelligence lie not in the splashy operations Rusbridger dwells on, but in the inability of both spies and policymakers to figure out what the national security interest is, and then how best to serve it. There are failures of espionage culture—like the CIA brass ignoring Far East economies, environmental problems, and technology issues, for example, in order to devote more resources to tracking the local KGB officer in Quito around the clock. Or the White House ignoring a CIA warning of an impending invasion of Iraq because an Arab emir has assured the president that nothing of the sort could occur.

Those are failures of bureaucracy, not spies. Like General Motors, which became obsessed with selling cars at all costs and forgot about quality, and AT&T, which came to view its public service obligation as a mandate to squash even the tiniest innovation such as colored telephones, American intelligence has arguably grown wide-bottomed, narrow-minded, and conservative in recent years. It is an argument Rusbridger should have pushed harder.

"Even the most modern and efficient army, navy, and air force is constantly scrutinized to ensure the country and the taxpayer it provides good value for money," he writes at one point. "But to suggest intelligence agencies should have to undergo the same evaluation is akin to producing a crucifix in Transylvania." On that point, Rusbridger's argument seems disconcertingly on the mark. The Pentagon and CIA could learn a lesson from other major bureaucratic cultures to make sure taxpayers are getting their money's worth. □

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POLITICAL BOOKNOTES

Our Wildest Dreams: Women Entrepreneurs Making Money, Having Fun, Doing Good. Joline Godfrey. *HarperBusiness, $20.* **Body and Soul.** Anita Roddick. *Crown, $22.* In *Our Wildest Dreams*, entrepreneur and champion of women entrepreneurs Joline Godfrey tells us that there are as many women-owned businesses in the United States as there are people in Norway. It's one of those statistically meaningless comparisons that nonetheless startles. Or at least it startled me.

The facts: There are between 4.1 and 5.4 million women-owned businesses in the United States, depending on how you do your counting (the higher figure is the most plausible). They employ as many people as the entire Fortune 500 and ring up half a trillion dollars in annual revenue. Women's businesses surged from 5 percent of all businesses in the United States in 1972 to 30 percent by 1987. Women-owned businesses are as statistically prevalent in construction and agribusiness as men-owned enterprises.

The statistics are important, but Godfrey's treatise is anything but a dry recitation of economic facts. On the contrary, half the book is devoted to case studies of women entrepreneurs—owners of trucking, marketing, construction, and computer companies and even one "upscale, fresh-flower mail order business."

Godfrey, a 10-year veteran of Polaroid before starting her own firm in 1986 (at one point she thought she could make a difference in a big corporation; "I was an idiot," she now claims), offers *Wildest Dreams* as an unabashed celebration of women entrepreneurs. "Women owners are still invisible," she writes; and with this book she makes them visible. Godfrey tells us that she intended to write a "gender-neutral" book but couldn't. She lost her voice, she says, and decided to write for women, though she contends (and I agree) that the book is also a useful primer for men.

In the preface, Smith and Hawken founder and author Paul Hawken flatly declares that "women's businesses are pivotal to meaningful change" in a corporate America that he sees as gone awry. Godfrey agrees. "Like water on a rock," she says, "women-owned businesses are eroding time-hardened beliefs about the way business is and must be done."

In the opening chapter, titled, "The (New) Right Stuff," Godfrey begins:

> I am not six feet tall. I don't wear Brooks Brothers suits. I don't own an HP calculator (although my business partner does). I cry. I laugh, a lot. I touch people. I talk about how I feel. I remember birthdays (most of the time). I take time off (at least a week or two a season; I get some of my best ideas while outside the workspace). I start work early—sometimes. Sometimes, I start late. I don't look like I have "the right stuff," but I do. And so do my counterparts —women who founded and run their own companies.

She goes on to enumerate some of the ways that women's businesses are different from men's (though she acknowledges many differences among women's businesses). Women, for example, are generally less concerned with control and put more effort into relationship development —a virtue for any manager in an emerging business environment where hierarchies are being flattened and business is being done through temporary networks rather than the old vertically integrated monster monoliths. Women have a greater "sense of artistry, imagination, and playfulness," Godfrey adds; and they are more thoughtful about integrating their entrepreneurial visions with business ethics.

None of this, she makes clear, means these business owners are patsies. Most see a clear bottom-line payoff from attending to such issues. Patsies? The way women owners must scramble for money to even start a business calls for the most extraordinary effort and ingenuity. Godfrey cites one entrepreneur who "used 15 credit cards, each with a limit of $5,000, to raise $75,000 in startup capital. Odd how banks are willing to give women credit cards but still find it a leap to give them a business loan."

Despite the last comment (and there are a few such jabs peppered throughout the book), Godfrey never becomes cynical—except when it comes to the Fortune 500. She is an unabashed champion of the entrepreneur, a female George Gilder who can't

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understand why women—or men—would waste their time with lumbering, stumbling giant corporations. While I think she overstates it, I'd be among the first to acknowledge that it's a question well worth asking.

Both Godfrey and Hawken believe that women's approaches to leading and managing are harbingers of successful business practice in the years ahead. This was also journalist Sally Helgesen's point in her 1990 *The Female Advantage: Women's Ways of Leadership*, a meticulously reported book about life on the job for four female leaders, including Girl Scout chief Frances Hesselbein.

"What business needs now," Helgesen claims at one point, "is exactly what women are able to provide." That "what" is a virtual carbon copy of Godfrey's analysis: more attention to business ethics, new emphasis on relationship development, and a sense of caring and artistry. While the Godfrey-Helgesen view can be overdone, it has merit and is worth exploring. After all, my 1987 book was called *Thriving on Chaos*, and as Godfrey, Helgesen, and others point out, women more than men are masters of that—their lives, at home and at work, are invariably jugglers' lives.

Despite the obligatory annual articles in *Fortune* and *BusinessWeek* on "women cracking the glass ceiling," Godfrey is right about women's lingering invisibility in business (and in business books, including, lamentably, my own). But that may start to change. And if it does, no one will deserve greater credit than Body Shop founder Anita Roddick. To my mind, her *Body and Soul* is one of the best business books written in years by an author of either sex. Personal proof: It is the single book that I choose to give young women—and men—thinking about a career in business.

Roddick, more brazenly than Godfrey, plumps for a new way of doing business. "The twin ideas of love and care touch everything we do," she writes. Roddick is a champion of passion's role in business, and fervently believes that doing good can result in doing well. Her doing good has included well-publicized campaigns aimed at saving the rain forests and working with Amnesty International. The doing well is not in question either. The first Body Shop opened in 1976 (the first day's take from the Kensington Garden Shop was £130), and, in a mercilessly competitive industry, it's now grown to more than 794 shops worldwide, with an early 1992 stock market valuation of about $1 billion.

Roddick, who claims that "a great advantage I had when I started the Body Shop was that I had never been to business school," is as disparaging as Godfrey about big business:

> For me there are no modern-day heroes in the business world. . . . I have met no captain of industry who's made my blood surge. I have met no corporate executive who values labor and who exhibits a sense of joy, magic or theater. . . . In the 15 years I have been involved in the world of business it has taught me nothing. There is so much ignorance in top management and boards of directors: All the big companies seem to be led by accountants and lawyers and become moribund carbon-copy versions of each other. If there is excitement and adventure in their lives, it is contained in the figures on the profit and loss sheet. What an indictment!

She's clear about what she's about, subscribing to a "loosely structured, collaborative, imaginative, and improvisatory management style, rather than doing things by the book." She adds that, "For us the business of business is to keep the company alive and breathlessly excited, to protect the workforce, to be a force for good in our society and, then, after all that, to think of the speculators. . . . If companies are in business solely to make money, you can't fully trust whatever else they do or say. . . . The whole sense of fun is lost, the whole sense of play, of derring-do, of 'Oh God we screwed that one up.' "

Godfrey devotes a whole chapter to fun and play ("Fun is not frivolous; it is essential, play is imperative"). How else, she asks, do you engender cre-

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ativity and adaptability? Roddick would doubtless applaud. Her bare-bones principles of doing business:

> First, you have to have fun.
> Second, you have to put love where your labor is [an acknowledged steal from Ralph Waldo Emerson].
> Third, you have to go in the opposite direction to everyone else.

Some women (let alone men) bristle at the idea of women's ways of managing, and even call the notion harmful. "We finally mastered the ways of business," they say, "and now you're pushing us to acknowledge ideas that the old-boy network calls flaky." I can see their point, though I disagree with it. First-generation women in management, like it or not, had to master the intricacies of the National Football League's 3–4 defenses and baseball's sacrifice fly rule in order to gain acceptance. But the new generation of women managers—and women business owners—is at the point where it can take its own strengths seriously and straight to the bank.

—*Tom Peters*

Guerrillas: The Men and Women Fighting Today's Wars. Jon Lee Anderson. *Times, $21. Guerrillas* is a very good piece of battle reporting, but it suffers from battle reporting's classic problem: It says little about the context of the war. Anderson, a magazine reporter who has spent most of his career torturing his family, friends, and insurance company with his travels in strange and dangerous places, profiles five guerrilla groups. One, the Salvadoran FMLN, he got to know well after years of living in El Salvador. The others he visited: the Afghan *Mujaheddin*, the Polisario fighting Morocco to liberate a strip of the Western Sahara, the ethnic Karen guerrillas in their 40-year battle with Burma (now officially Myanmar) for their independence, and Palestinians in the Breij refugee camp in the Israeli-occupied Gaza strip.

One cannot fault Anderson's enthusiasm. The reader loses count of the number of times his immediate surroundings were pounded by helicopter gunships, MiG fighter-bombers, mortars, bazookas, rockets, or just plain bullets. After such hair-raising research it seems petty to quibble. Anderson does write well, and his descriptions of scenery are especially vivid. And he does offer some insights, such as the depth of the young Palestinians' hatred for the Israelis.

Ultimately, though, the book is unsatisfying. It fails to make the guerrillas into real people. For one, there are too many of them. Instead of a few main characters, Anderson presents dozens, and they blur together. More important, little of what they do is interesting or unpredictable. Salvadoran women pat tortillas. The youngest Afghan boys spend hours cleaning their Kalashnikovs. The men do calisthenics and recite hymns of praise to the appropriate deities, be they Che, Allah, or Polisario martyr Luali. These could not possibly be dull fellows, but most seem like it here.

Nor does Anderson use his reporting to explore larger issues. His main points—that guerrillas are willing to sacrifice themselves, that they justify violence in the names of their causes, and that they invent their own worlds with their own gods—are not particularly profound ones. He offers little commentary or interpretation of his own; the reader never knows if any of these groups have won Anderson's sympathy.

And he fails to explore some of the important questions he raises. For example: when to give up a futile fight and turn to politics, or the long-term effects of wartime brutality. Regarding the latter, since Anderson left Afghanistan, the *Mujaheddin*, freed from the necessity to shoot at Communists, began to turn their rocket launchers on each other. This was predictable, but Anderson does not predict it. He presents, without comment, stories of guerrillas killing civilians and summarily executing suspected spies. But he fails to address how such behavior shapes the kind of government they would run if given the opportunity. Anderson's account would have benefitted from more context and perspective— explaining why, as Polish dissident Adam Michnik said, "those who begin by storming the Bastilles end up by building their own."

—*Tina Rosenberg*

The Making of a Drug-Free America: Programs That Work. Mathea Falco. *Times, $22.* Those Americans horrified by recent Serbian attempts at "ethnic cleansing" in the Balkans would do well to contemplate the consequences of our own efforts to cleanse the nation of illicit pharmaceuticals. The federal government's war on drugs has more than doubled the nation's prison population to 1.1 million, giving the United States the world's highest rate of incarceration. It has also produced a social and

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demographic catastrophe in the inner city. A soon-to-be-released study by the National Center on Institutions and Alternatives found that in Duval County, Florida, which includes the city of Jacksonville, 78 percent of black men between the ages of 18 and 35 have spent time in prison or jail.

Perhaps draconian policies that result in the incarceration of a substantial portion of the African-American population might be justified if they could be shown to have actually accomplished something. In fact, as Falco reminds us, drug smuggling and drug-related homicides are more prevalent than ever while hard-core abuse of cocaine and heroin remains undiminished from levels in 1989, when President Bush stated in his one specific inaugural pledge, "Take my word for it: This scourge will stop."

Falco proposes an alternative strategy that de-emphasizes law enforcement and interdiction and relies instead on education, treatment, and community-oriented programs that tap the resourcefulness and creativity of ordinary citizens living in drug-infested neighborhoods.

This is in large measure the "responsible" approach to the drug problem favored by newspaper editorial writers, most Democrats (including Bill Clinton), think tanks, and foundations—one of which, Carnegie, sponsored Falco's book. Within certain limits, this strategy is not without merit: As Falco demonstrates, forming community coalitions, organizing nightly citizen's patrols, and trying novel municipal approaches—such as using local housing codes to shut down crack houses—are more likely to make a dent in neighborhood drug markets and street dealing than indiscriminate police sweeps and staged-for-the-media drug busts.

But Falco fails to subject some of her proposals to the same rigor with which she scrutinizes current policies. Certainly it would be socially desirable to offer treatment to any addict who wants it. Yet even the most "successful" rehabilitation programs have staggeringly high failure rates. After touting the benefits of so-called therapeutic communities such as Phoenix House (where young drug addicts spend up to two years in intensive, highly structured residential programs of psychological counseling and job training) Falco notes nearly parenthetically that "the drop-out rate is very high." Just how high? "Only one in four clients remain longer than three months, while fewer than one in six complete the one- to two-year course of treatment," she states. Consider the political fallout (not to mention the inevitable media exposés) were the government to pump billions of scarce federal dollars into programs where more than 80 percent of the "patients" wind up back on drugs.

Falco ultimately rejects legalization on the grounds that it would substantially increase the number of drugs users—a conclusion that most Americans accept without question. But ultimately, this earnest, well-meaning tome suffers from the conceptual flaws inherent in its title. Is it realistic to keep talking about a "drug-free" America? At least 26 million Americans used illicit drugs last year, and media and government propaganda notwithstanding, most of them did relatively little damage to society or themselves. (It is rarely reported that, according to the official federal estimate, about 20 million of those drug users were consumers of marijuana, a substance that, whatever its long-term health effects, is generally viewed as less addictive and less dangerous than the more widely consumed legal drug alcohol.)

What is indisputably a serious societal problem is the trafficking in, and hard-core abuse of, cocaine and heroin. Yet today, most of this takes place among the inner-city poor, where the drug culture is an inevitable outgrowth of high unemployment, dilapidated public housing, schools that don't teach, and a welfare system that breaks up families and encourages indolence. Governmental policies aimed at producing a "drug-free" society pursue an illusory goal at best. They certainly won't work until these larger problems of the underclass are tackled with the same zeal and determination with which we currently enforce the drug laws.

—Michael Isikoff

Dirty Politics: Deception, Distraction, and Democracy. Kathleen Hall Jamieson. *Oxford, $25*. So far this year, political reporters have discussed

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whether Bill Clinton had an affair with a onetime television broadcaster, whether he dodged the draft, and whether his wife knows how to bake cookies. They have debated Vice President Dan Quayle's spelling abilities, examined the kind of cars Pat Buchanan drives (one Cadillac, one Mercedes), and whether Jerry Brown gets an allowance from his parents (sort of). The campaign has been an illuminating experience for us all.

Soap opera is infinitely preferable to policy debate as an entertainment form. And so the magic of the marketplace has finally wreaked its wretched sorcery on politics. These days, it's not the missile gap but the marriage gap—those years when, according to the sober testimony of the governor of Arkansas and his wife, the Clintons had the "marriage difficulties" that have prompted so much panting.

Only a spoilsport, or perhaps one of those lonely souls who have been dispatched to write about the "issues," would dare utter a discouraging word and suggest: *This election is important. There's the deficit. The shape of the new world order. The structure of emerging trade patterns. The fate of the environment.*

How did we get here? Kathleen Hall Jamieson, dean of the Annenberg School of Communication at the University of Pennsylvania, thinks she knows. In *Dirty Politics* she sets out the sad story, but one with a conclusion sure to warm the heart of any member of what used to be called, quaintly, the "pencil press." Her answer, in part: Television stinks.

Of course, analysts such as Jamieson predictably chant that mantra every four years. But her latest book is a reasoned explanation of how U.S. politics has deteriorated as an art form in recent years and how that deterioration has not only eroded the public debate but corroded the quality of life for all of us outside the television studio.

Like many commentators, Jamieson finds the 1988 election, and particularly the conduct of George Bush and his acolytes, especially offensive. Yet she also reminds those among us for whom the history of dirty politics began in the 1984 presidential campaign that a century ago *Harper's Weekly* listed some descriptions that were offered up of Abraham Lincoln. They include: filthy story-teller, ignoramus Abe, old scoundrel, butcher, and (my favorite) "a long, lean, lank, lantern-jawed, high cheek-boned, spavined, rail-splitting stallion." The next time Bush objects to being called a wimp, remind him of that barb, issued during Lincoln's reelection campaign.

Still, some things are new. For instance, Jamieson tells us that in the last two elections, "oppositional ads" were aired earlier than ever before, that spending on such advertising is increasing, and that devastating assertions, no matter how untrue, are hard to shake.

In this smart book, the power of ads to shape news is a major theme. Examining the Republicans' bumbling campaign from the vantage of this fall, it's hard to imagine that the party was once so deft, but Jamieson shows us how the 1988 campaign managed to capture not only the offensive in the election struggle, but create its vocabulary as well. Dan Rather and others, for example, spoke of the "revolving door" of justice in Michael Dukakis' Massachusetts—a phrase right out of the ads that made Willie Horton a household name.

Jamieson also shows how the language, forms, and norms of political coverage have their own problems. She has found that "underdog" campaigners work "doggedly" while frontrunners "persuade," "appeal," and "stride." I remember being on Gary Hart's campaign plane in 1984 and watching him lean over my laptop. As he strained to see my lede, he began ridiculing the narrow perspective of us ink-stained wretches by parodying the stories he knew we were writing: "Gary Hart, struggling to reinvigorate his lagging campaign," the candidate said, half angry and half bemused—and probably more than half right.

Then there are the metaphors. Mike Dukakis fumbles a toss with Red Sox centerfielder Ellis Burks, and it instantly becomes a symbol of a fumbling campaign. Last spring I was traveling with Paul Tsongas when his jetliner got stuck in the mud in

Photo by Martha Stewart

This book shatters the prevailing myth of an ignorant public at the mercy of a one-way flow of communication filtered through and orchestrated by the media. The authors' surveys and in-depth interviews show, rather, that people are entirely capable of interpreting the news and making sense of issues.

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Chicago. I cringed—and vowed not to put it in my story. But more than one reporter couldn't resist seizing on it.

This is a pretty discouraging landscape. Jamieson complains, with some justification, that "campaigns have become narcotics that blur out our awareness of problems long enough to elect the lawmakers who must deal with them." A major culprit, she says, is network news, which by its nature removes the complexity from politics, largely through the use of soundbites. The soundbite tells a voter what a candidate believes, but not how he or she arrived at that conclusion or conviction.

This volume has some small flaws. Jamieson criticizes Bush for ridiculing Dukakis, who opposed the MX and Midgetman, only to turn around and advocate their elimination himself in October 1991. The truth is that the Cold War had ended by then, an eventuality that Bush could not have foreseen. And there are moments when this book is unmistakably academic, such as the paragraph that begins: "Before valorizing argumentatively based differentiation, engagement, and accountability as criteria to which campaign discourse should aspire, let me note one strong tendency in contemporary discourse that runs counter to engagement."

Fortunately there is not too much of that to fog up her interesting snapshots of the milestones on the road to Willie Horton. There is Lyndon Johnson's exaggeration of his war record. There is Republican Bernard Epton's false radio charges that Harold Washington was a "convicted felon" who had been "disbarred" from the practice of law. There is Democrat Ed Garvey's charge that GOP Senator Bob Kasten of Wisconsin drank on the job. There is Jesse Helms' ridiculing of Jim Hunt's lack of a war record. The truth is that, in forthcoming editions of this book, there will be more examples of lies and exaggerations shaping American political history. Some of them may be playing on the television in your living room right this minute.

—David Shribman

The Moral Commonwealth: Social Theory and the Promise of Community. Philip Selznick. *University of California, $40.* If the concept of a dense, erudite, 538-page treatise on social theory that is timely isn't a hopeless contradiction in terms, then Philip Selznick's *The Moral Commonwealth* is timely. I write this when there is still a chance that Bill Clinton will not win the presidential election, though it looks pretty close to a sure thing. By what must be coincidence, *The Moral Commonwealth* traffics in virtually all the themes of the Clinton campaign, ending with a glorification of the term "covenant" that recalls Clinton's nomination acceptance speech in New York.

So it's impossible to resist subjecting Selznick's discussion of Dewey, Kant, Hume, Locke, Aristotle, Kierkegaard, Weber, Freud, et al. to a "Washington read" by mining it for potential clues about the new administration. Of course, this is unfair. Selznick surely couldn't care less about the really pressing issues, like who gets the office in the southwest corner of the West Wing; he's trying to synthesize a political philosophy for the long term, not plot legislative strategy.

Still, he is openly working in a vein of moderate-liberal political thought that extends back about 15 years and includes the writing of figures like Amitai Etzioni and Robert Bellah. This philosophical movement has interacted quite energetically with a moderate-liberal political movement that started at about the same time, of which Clinton has always been a leader. It would seem that all parties concerned would wish that the lengthy labors of the politicians and the philosophers come to fruition simultaneously.

The great obsession of the political moderates has been the Democratic party's loss of its majority status in presidential elections, beginning with the 1968 election. The role of groups like the Democratic Leadership Council has been figuring out how to defuse various Republican-zapping techniques and win back the white middle-class voter. The philosophical moderates are obsessed with a different but complementary issue—the excessive individualism of contemporary American culture. One engine of individualism is capitalism, but another is a certain kind of political liberalism, the kind that emphasizes the protection of an ever-expanding array of legal rights as the highest purpose of government. It isn't necessarily the case, then, that the restoration of the national Democratic party (if that's what we're seeing) will mean the restoration of the kind of communitarian values that Selznick prizes.

The Moral Commonwealth does not present a hard, gem-like line of argument; rather, it covers an enormous amount of ground in the form of a long series of linked essays. This adds to its strange feeling of compatibility with the Clinton campaign. Many of the consistent themes and phrases that resonate in this book also resonated in Clinton's message: "responsibility," "obligation," "empowerment." Of course, the question about Clinton has always been whether he actually has a coherent, cohesive view of governance or just a long series of interesting but unrelated opinions. (It's a question that strikes close to home, because it's often been asked about this magazine as well.)

Selznick, if read as a kind of philosopher-surrogate for Clinton, doesn't completely lay the matter to rest. He is consistently wise and thoughtful. It is always obvious what he believes in (community) and what he doesn't (relativism). But he suffers somewhat from the eternal curse of the moderates: a tendency to call for a balanced approach.

To cite just one of a hundred possible examples, Selznick wants government "to adopt postbureaucratic modes of organization" but also believes (rightly) that "it would be a mistake to pursue a fantasy of government without bureaucracy." Political philosophies like libertarianism and communism, which call for the dial to be twisted all the way to one side, are much more intellectually compelling. (One of the pleasures of Mickey Kaus' *The End of Equality* is that it presents a centrist program using extremist rhetoric.) It would be quite easy for a sitting politician to adopt Selznick's exquisitely modulated views and then, sincerely believing he was being faithful to them, deal with every issue simply by splitting the difference. But that couldn't happen now—could it?

—Nicholas Lemann

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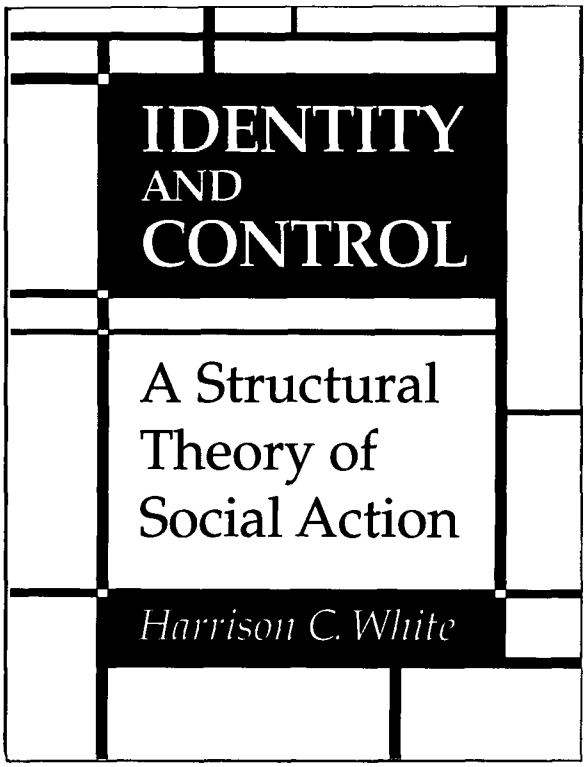

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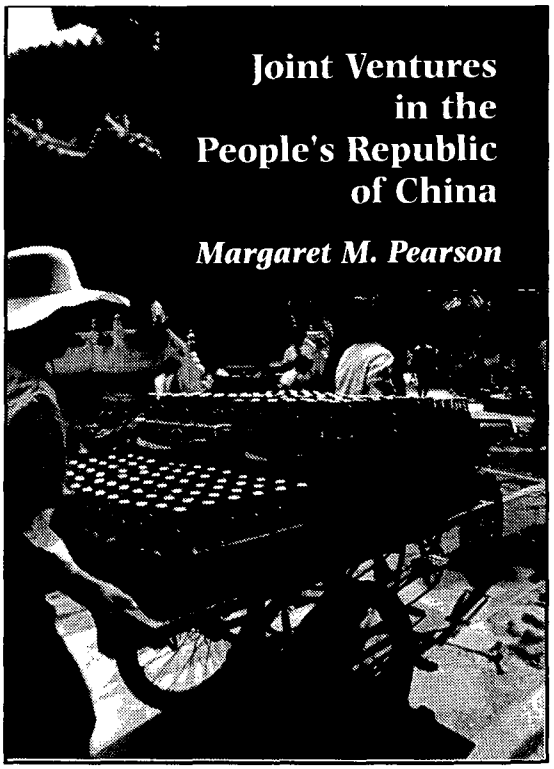

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